

THE INFORMATION

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Dossier

HUGH GAITSKELL

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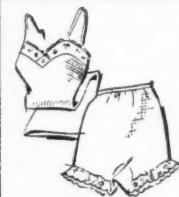
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Cover Picture: Hugh Gaitskell in the study of his London home (Photograph: Tom Blau)

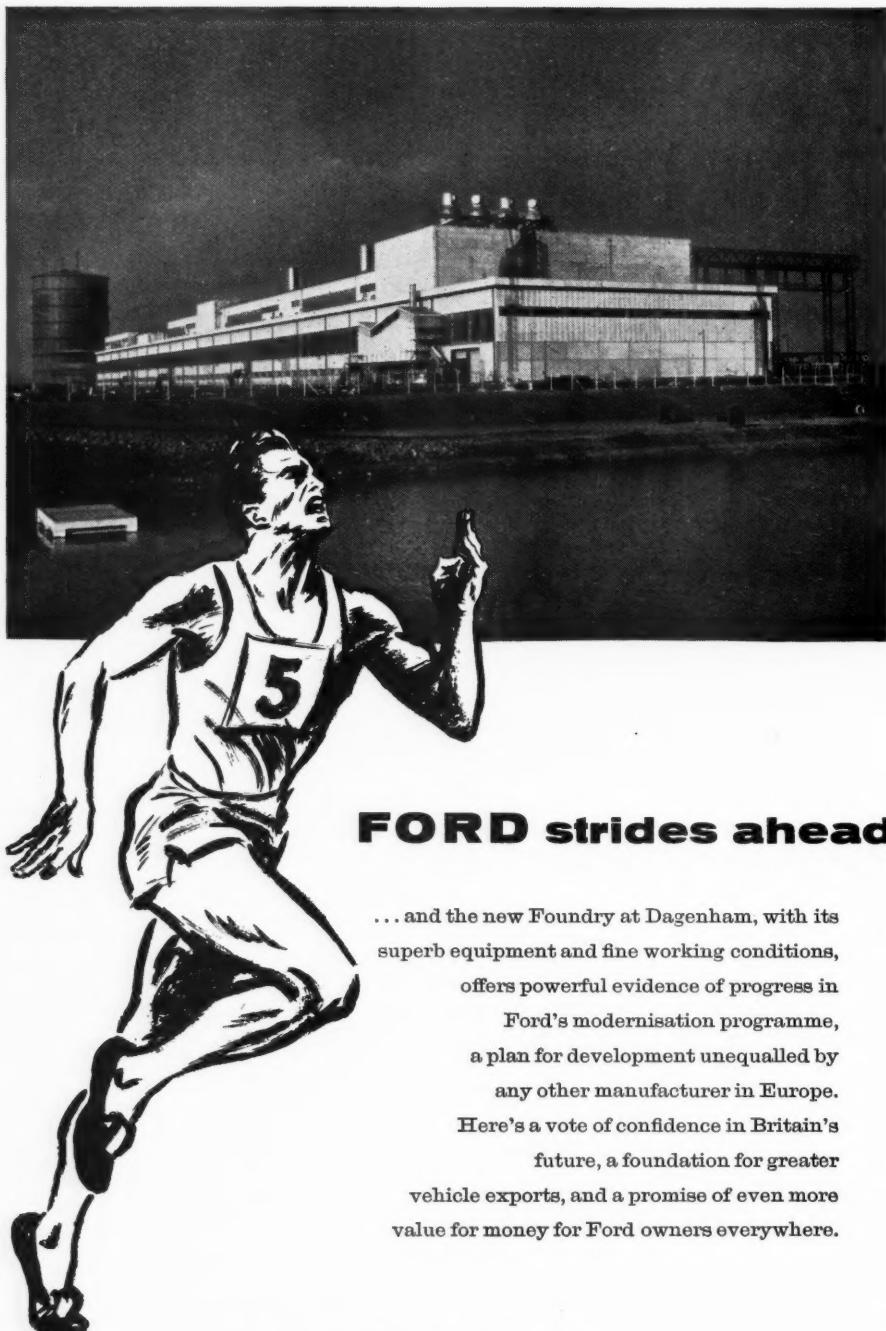
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

ANTHONY SAMPSON: Editor of *Drum*, South Africa, 1951-55. Author of *Drum*. Now assistant to the Editor of the *Observer*.

CHRISTOPHER DRIVER: At Oxford read Greats, and was president of the Congregational Society, the Classical Society, and the Russell and Palmerston Club. Has recently completed two years' service with the Friends Ambulance. Freelance journalist.

DENYS SMITH: Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ: Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, since 1952. Commonwealth Fund Fellow, studying works of art in the U.S.A., 1951-53.

JOHN BAYLEY: Fellow of New College, Oxford. Author of *In Another Country*, and *The Romantic Survival*.

ERIC GILLETT: Literary editor, *The National and English Review*.

RUBY MILLAR: Journalist and publisher's editor for many years.

KAYE WEBB: Journalist and broadcaster. Author of *Paris Sketchbook*, etc.

ROBIN DENNISTON: Scholar of Christ Church, Oxford. Now managing director of a publishing firm. Keen amateur musician and author of *The Young Musicians*.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

DUDLEY NOBLE: Founded the *Automotive Press Digest* and *Milestones*. Wrote the car section of the official history of the British motor industry.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

CAESAR OR CINCINNATUS?

WE said last month that "there can be no solution to the French crisis (which is a *crise du régime* as well as a *crise du gouvernement*) until the Algerian war is brought to an end through negotiation." The truth of this statement has become even more evident in the light of what has been happening since our May issue went to press.

The idea of a "Spanish solution" to the French troubles has been brewing for some time, and there has been a growing fear that revolutionary action in Algiers would be followed by an attempt to take over power in Paris. In order to create the right atmosphere it was necessary that there should be riots in Algiers which only the Army could control, and last summer, when the Mollet Government fell, the plotters seem to have had a trial run. They did not complete the operation, however, because they felt that Bourgès-Maunoury might be satisfactory from their point of view as Prime Minister, and above all because Lacoste was remaining as Resident Minister. When Lacoste was withdrawn the conspiracy revived, and the military *coup* of May 13 was its logical fulfilment.

In Paris, the only man who could have acted in the same way was General de Gaulle. But the conspirators knew that they could not make him privy to their intentions because, had they done so, he would immediately have informed President Coty that the Republic was in danger. When he heard the news from Algiers he at first made no response; after an interval, during which the new Pflimlin Government was able to establish itself, he issued a brief statement, which he amplified a few days later at a Press conference. But he never lifted a finger against the

Republic; on the contrary, he stated that he was ready to take over "the powers of the Republic," not to set himself up as a rival power.

Before any more is said, we must pause here to pay homage to the man who, in June 1940, took his own life and the honour of his country in his hands; who gradually, and against immense difficulties, rallied the French Empire and attracted to his banner all who refused to lie down under German occupation and the disgrace of Vichy; who founded the Fourth Republic, and advised a Constitution for it which, had his advice been heeded, would have given France the stable government she has lacked in recent years; who strove by constitutional and democratic means to win the support of his fellow-countrymen for the enlightened views which he held; and who, frustrated in his efforts, resigned himself to the routine of a simple, disciplined and devout private life. That such a man should be compared with Napoleon and Hitler is one of the most cruel calumnies that have ever been perpetrated, and we can assure the General that there is at least one organ of the British Press which has not forgotten his brilliant foresight during the Maginot period, his heroism during the war, or his majestic virtue as a citizen of the nation which he redeemed.

Of course, de Gaulle is not an "easy" man; those who have the rare gift of leadership are seldom "easy." He has a self-confidence rooted in Roman Catholicism (his father was a professor at a Jesuit College) and patriotism, which is in sharp contrast to the disillusionment which infected so many Frenchmen of his generation. In a sense it is his misfortune

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

to have been bigger than his country during his life-time, but by his faith in her he has already done much to narrow the gap. He represents France, rather than the Frenchmen of this age, but he has helped to inspire Frenchmen, at home and overseas, with his own deep love of France. Moreover, for him France is not just a tribe; it is a culture, a civilization. He is himself an intensely civilized man, and the style in which his books are written is hardly less distinguished than the contents. Compare this with Hitler!

His main fault is that he is not always a good judge of men. As Prime Minister he made the serious mistake of upholding Pleven against Mendès-France on economic policy—a mistake which has cost him dear. Perhaps Mendès-France's hostility to him at the present moment may be due to the resentment which this incident caused—combined with the polite references made by de Gaulle at his Press conference to Mollet, for whom Mendès-France cherishes no very tender feelings. But what France needs is the right *measures*, and de Gaulle is the only man who can provide these. His mission, if he were called to power, would be to reform the Constitution and to pacify North Africa, and if he could not achieve these results no man could. The Pflimlin Government, even if it could achieve the first (and there are now proposals for constitutional reform) could almost certainly not achieve the second, since the military commanders in Algiers, with Soustelle at their side, appear to be insisting upon de Gaulle. And there is reason to think that President Bourguiba of Tunisia would also welcome a de Gaulle administration. His ambassador, before leaving France after Sakiet, visited Colombey-les-deux-Eglises and appeared highly satisfied with his interview.

The reaction of the Moslems in North Africa is hard to assess, but the scenes of "fraternization" in Algiers and other cities cannot be altogether bogus. It is worth remarking that the French, however reprehensible their conduct overseas may sometimes have been, are not race theorists. They have never preached or practised any doctrine of *racial* superiority; like the Romans they have set a *cultural* standard to which people of all races could equally aspire. St. Paul, a thoroughgoing Semite and proud of his Semitic heritage, was also very proud to be a Roman citizen; and the same may be true, *mutatis mutandis*, of many Moslems in French North Africa to-day. If the political injustices which have hitherto disfigured the

Algerian set-up are removed, the road may be open to negotiation with the rebels and a general pacification. It is just conceivable that a formula may be found which would reconcile Arab nationalism with the French connection; and it would be de Gaulle's task to find such a formula.

It is said that de Gaulle would be either a military dictator, or a tool in the hands of the military; that having come to power through their independent action he would be bound either to lead them, or to follow them, on a chauvinistic course. This view is based upon a false view of de Gaulle himself and of the political dynamics of the situation. It is true that he has a fine military record and an exceptional military mind, but when he led his country it was as a mutineer, not as a brass-hat. Significantly Juin, who is badly tainted with Vichy, became a Marshal of France, but de Gaulle has simply maintained, for sentimental reasons, the rank which he held in 1940. He is, in fact, a civilian, and although he naturally has a large following among the armed forces, he also enjoys massive support among the civilian population of metropolitan France and the French Union. His qualities as a speaker have never been adequately praised; few men living have the power which he has to stir audiences, not by any vulgar demagogic display, but by the impact of good ideas well phrased and nobly spoken. It is possible that the Generals in Algiers may not realize how he would behave if the responsibility of government were entrusted to him; if so, the Algiers group is destined to be unpleasantly surprised by de Gaulle, as the Suez Group was by Macmillan. He is now keeping his own counsel and, if he returns to power, he will take his own line.

Would he be faced with effective sabotage from the "Popular Front" trade unions? No doubt there would be trouble at the outset, but France is better equipped than, say, the United Kingdom to deal with industrial unrest, because its economy is more balanced between town and country. Besides the "Popular Front," even if it were to appear, would not remain in existence for long. Mollet and the Socialists have much more in common with de Gaulle than they have with the Communists, and it may be that de Gaulle had this in mind when he spoke of Mollet in a pleasantly reminiscent vein. In any case a period of industrial strife in France would be a small price to pay for peace in North Africa. According to the most conservative estimate, the Algerian war has been costing \$350 million

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

a year, and the Economic Commission for Europe has put the bill at \$600 million a year. The worst that the C.G.T. could do would hardly cost the nation as much as this in money, and if the drain of life and reputation were stopped the nation could feel that a very favourable balance had been struck.

By the time these words are read they may have been falsified, or outdated, by events; but we are categorical that an *expérience de Gaulle* is as necessary for France now as the *expérience Mendès-France* was in 1954. We are also categorical that a democratic constitution must be maintained in metropolitan France, and established in Algeria (23.v.58).

Wages – Victory or Defeat ?

THE settlement of the rail dispute may not have broken the letter of the Government's declaration last September that no new money would be made available to finance wage increases in the nationalized industries. But the spirit of that declaration has to all appearances been violated, and the country is probably in for another bout of inflation this year, at a slightly lower percentage rate than last year. The Transport Commission may be able eventually to find the money it needs out of economies—and the railway unions have certainly shown a new awareness of the need for these—but how the money will become available by June 30 is a mystery. If the Transport Commission is given special credit facilities by its banker, the indignation of less favoured customers will be justifiably strong.

No settlement has been reached in the bus dispute as we go to press, but Mr. Iain Macleod's admirers feel that he has manoeuvred skilfully to isolate Mr. Cousins, by averting the railway strike which would have paralysed the country's communications. We do not share the fashionable view of Mr. Macleod. If he had wanted to show political courage he could have done so much better by resigning at the time of Suez than by making a personal attack on Mr. Gaitskell, which is always good for a cheer in the football-crowd atmosphere of the House of Commons. He is a man of ability, and he is important as representing an anti-feudal philosophy at the highest level in the Tory Party; it is also very much to his credit that he speaks without notes. But he has not yet proved that he has the two vital ingredients of a political leader: the character and conviction to go against majority opinion in his own party, and the breadth and sympathy which will win the tacit respect of his opponents. At one time Macleod commanded

the goodwill of many Socialists and trade unionists, but he seems to have forfeited this now—without having much to show for it in the way of adherence to principle.

Nehru Carries On

ONE of Nehru's peculiarities, and one of the secrets of his political mastery, is that Indians constantly feel he is thinking aloud and taking them into his confidence. He thus appears to be very much less decisive than in fact he is; when he gets his own way he often manages to make other people think he has done what they wanted.

This may, or may not, be the explanation of his strange performance the other day when, having announced that he was tired and would like to retire, he agreed under pressure to carry on. He is known to be highly dissatisfied with the present state of the Congress Party, and he may have staged this little drama in order to frighten and chasten the politicians. But it is also possible that his wish to withdraw from active politics, at least temporarily, may on this occasion have been genuine. If so, it is most unfortunate that he allowed his intention to be overruled—especially if (as one newspaper reported) he did so in response to an appeal from President Eisenhower. Eisenhower is hardly a good advertisement for hanging on to office under the pressure of machine politicians.

Nehru is still astonishingly vigorous and if he were to give up being Prime Minister he would remain the dominant figure in Indian life. But it would be interesting to see what new personalities and political alignments would result if he went into retirement with his faculties still largely unimpaired. The future stability of the country will depend upon the emergence of a democratic alternative to Congress, and many would say that this can only come about if Congress itself splits. While Nehru is the active leader there is no chance of such a development, because his prestige is so great that all Congress politicians have to support him nominally, however much they may disagree with some of his ideas. But a new Prime Minister would not enjoy this excessive and embarrassing superiority, and Congress might then divide into two wings, broadly corresponding to the two big parties in this country or in the United States. Unless this happens there is a serious chance that the Communists will get into power one day *faute de mieux*—a disaster which Nehru has worked untiringly, and so far with brilliant success, to prevent.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Cyprus : Still No Policy

THE Government's long-awaited declaration of policy for Cyprus was postponed at the last minute. No doubt the Prime Minister and his colleagues, if they have decided to come to terms with Makarios, would prefer to wait until the Summer Recess, when their more hot-headed supporters are safely scattered on beaches and grouse moors; but it is unlikely that they will be allowed to shilly-shally for much longer. The basic elements in the situation are clear. For the past few years the impossible has been attempted—to coerce an overwhelming majority. Such a policy is always futile, unless practised with the total ruthlessness of German Nazis or Russian Communists. No British Government can ever hope to prevail by such methods. Besides, if any coercion is to be applied, it must surely be against the minority rather than against the majority. To oppose the demands of Greek Cypriots for fear of antagonizing the Turks is about as sensible as to quarrel with the United States in order to be on good terms with Venezuela.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has got into trouble by inviting Makarios to this country for the opening of the Lambeth Conference in July. Grave protests have been made against the encouragement thus given to a Christian priest who, at the very least, has not discouraged violence; but if this were to be the criterion it would be impossible to hold the Conference at all. Patriotic violence has only been condemned by a handful of Christian priests, and very few indeed of those who have done so have been in the running for high preferment. Bishop Bell attacked the heavy bombing of Germany, and it is widely assumed that this was why he was never translated from Chichester to York or Canterbury. If the Anglican episcopate had denounced the Suez aggression as an act of flagrant dishonesty and jingoism, the reaction of a paper such as the *Sunday Times* can easily be imagined: yet that paper criticized Dr. Fisher for inviting Makarios. It is a characteristic failing of some British people to give unlimited licence to their own patriotism, and virtually none to the patriotism of others.

If Makarios comes to England in July the Government will have a chance to talk to him without being responsible for his presence here. Such coincidences are often of great diplomatic value. In any case the view of one Tory M.P., that the Archbishop of Canterbury should not be allowed "to overrule the Government" by inviting

Makarios to Lambeth, reveals an attitude towards Church and State which even the strongest Erastian would hesitate to endorse.

Read Gunther

JOHN GUNTHER'S latest political guide-book, *Inside Russia Today* (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.), is of outstanding value. The author has no illusions either about Russian power or about the character of the Soviet leaders; yet he makes shrewd and generous admissions. For instance he says: "The Russians are a terrific, a tremendous, a magnificent people. In some respects they closely resemble Americans—in good humour, robustness, curiosity, gregariousness, capacity for analysis, capacity for organization, inventiveness, aptitude for technical skills, and so on." But he adds in brackets, with admirable understatement: "(There are differences too.)"

It is most encouraging to know that the Russians are avid for news of the free world. The Americans produce a propaganda magazine called *Amerika*, the circulation of which is limited by the Soviet authorities to 50,000 copies. "Every issue disappears from the news-stands at once," and copies are "sold on the black market for several hundred roubles each. Readers tear out and sell single pages, and even copy them, passing them on to friends." At this rate there is some hope of mutual understanding on the lower slopes, whatever may or may not happen at the summit.

NEXT MONTH

Two Faces of Anglicanism
(Dossiers 3 and 4)
The Archbishop of
Canterbury
and
Father Trevor Huddleston

Reflections on
The Apple Cart
by Lord Altrincham

Dossier No. 2

HUGH GAITSKELL

TWO points stand out in the character of Hugh Gaitskell: the first is that he is a highly emotional man, the second that he is a late developer. The former has been obscured by the fact that he is an intellectual—and an economist into the bargain; the latter by the exceptional rapidity of his Parliamentary career. Thus Aneurin Bevan could get away with his remark about the "desiccated calculating machine," which was assumed to be directed at Gaitskell, despite Bevan's subsequent protestations. (Bevan himself, it may be said in passing, is much less emotional and more calculating than most people believe.) And we have also to explain the apparent paradox of a late developer who became the youngest Chancellor of the Exchequer for fifty years, after only six years in Parliament.

Emotionalism and late development often go together. In Gaitskell they have produced a number of fascinating contrasts. He is the future don who failed to win scholarships to Winchester and New College; the golfing Oxford undergraduate from a family of soldiers and colonial administrators who suddenly, and without any visible preparation, saw red in 1926 and, instead of strike-breaking, took a union card and distributed the *British Worker*; the professional WEA lecturer who acquired a passion for the Nottingham Palais-de-Danse; the left-wing economist who could not get his books published in the 'thirties, when every second book, bright yellow, was about left-wing economics; the dogged libertarian who believes in rigid party discipline; the public-school boy who won the confidence of the trade unions in competition with the most gifted product of the Depressed Areas; the profound admirer of the United States who wants to save England by putting her into an economic strait-jacket. These examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

Yet there are dominant themes which run consistently through his life and help to resolve the contradictions. He is intensely ambitious; he is a zealot for social justice; and he is a strong patriot.

* * *

His father, whose family came from Cumberland, should by tradition have gone

into the Regular Army or the Indian Army; instead he chose the I.C.S. His wife (Hugh's mother) came of a line of small Banffshire farmers. Hugh was born in 1906. As a child he spent a year or two in Burma with his parents, but he was soon sent home to school. He went to the Dragon School, Oxford, at the age of six; there he met, among others, John Betjeman, Colin Clark and the Mallalieu brothers. He did well, but not brilliantly. He was never head of the school, but he captained the second XI at cricket. As a twelve-year-old, according to Betjeman, he could be seen in Kensington during the holidays wearing a bowler and carrying a stick. But most of his holidays were spent in Norfolk with his maternal grandfather, who was a man of marked ability, an authority on bi-metallism, and a former Consul-General in Shanghai.

His brother Arthur and his sister Dorothy fitted perfectly into this sound middle-class setting. Dorothy was to become Mrs. Ashton, wife of the present Conservative M.P. for Chelmsford; Arthur, excelling in the family tradition, was one day to run the Gezira Cotton Scheme. Hugh was devoted to his elder brother and sought to model himself upon him. He tried to follow him in winning scholarships, but without success. "A quiet, modest, studious and undemonstrative boy, of whom nobody could have predicted his future," his house-master at Winchester has said of him. But, when he became a prefect, "he made his weight felt by quiet determination and a certain sweet reasonableness and a sense of justice. . . ."

Perhaps it was this sense which caused his first startling revolt against convention, when he gave his support to the strikers during the General Strike of 1926. He had only lately given up trying for a golfing Blue and had begun to work in earnest. He read Proust and D. H. Lawrence with sudden enthusiasm. One might have predicted a First and a mildly successful career. Instead he threw in his lot with the British working class in one of the bitterest moments of its history. Under the impact of an emotional stimulus his mind had jumped the polished rails.

Soon it found a philosophic justification. Not Marx; he was never for a moment

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hypnotized by Marx. What drove the young undergraduate to make his leap in the dark was an awareness of the degradation inflicted on fellow human beings by the few, in the interest of personal gain or from sheer lack of imagination. What guided him was the study, under G. D. H. Cole, of the miserable record of social protest in England, above all the ill-fated Chartist movement which showed him (as it had also shown Lenin) that purely working class rebellions always fail. There had to be an alliance between the working class and the middle class—with the middle class leading.

After the General Strike Hugh went on at Oxford and took a First in Modern Greats (Politics, Philosophy and Economics). At twenty-one, under Cole's influence, he decided to go to Nottingham as a full-time lecturer for the WEA, on a salary of £300 a year. "Slightly built, good-looking, sensitive and very shy," he settled down to the job of teaching economics to coal-miners, learning to mix with them and win their approval by his evident sincerity, and discovering a weakness for ball-room dancing which has remained one of the strange constants of his life. (Even now, he is glad of any excuse to roll back the carpet in his house and set his friends dancing. He has also frequented night clubs in company which would horrify the old-fashioned Socialist doctrinaire. He enjoys good food and wine, and more or less sophisticated entertainment. Perhaps in reaction against his respectable bourgeois training, there is an unmistakable touch of the gigolo about him. His suits, though dark and managerial in tone, are cut a little too smartly; his shirts and ties are a little too obtrusive.)

At Nottingham he had broken away, but he had not yet been broken in. He only stayed a year with the miners. After leaving them he could have gone as a don to Oxford or Cambridge, but he went to London University instead. At this period he was already under the spell of a man who was to be for him in early manhood the hero his brother had been in youth—Evan Durbin. He made speeches during the 1929 election, and he helped Durbin in the 1931 election; but he had not yet thought of standing himself and it was only in 1932 that he was nominated for Chatham. Here he was defeated in 1935, and he had to wait another ten years before he was returned to Westminster.

What was he doing during those years? He was not led astray by Moscow Communism,

as so many of his colleagues were; he was not turned upside down by Spain. He spent a year on a Rockefeller grant in Dollfuss Vienna, where he saw Fascism at first hand. He did not get the Chair which normally went with the headship of his University department. He wrote two books which were not published. In 1937 he married Dora Creditor, a strong-minded woman with previous experience of matrimony. (She is a force to reckon with in his public, no less than in his private, life.) The war put an end to his academic work, and gave him the opportunity to distinguish himself as a bureaucrat. Hugh Dalton, who thought highly of him, made him his Private Secretary at the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and took him on to the Board of Trade. In these Government Departments Gaitskell found that he had another gift besides that of teaching and making himself liked by his pupils; he found that he had a talent for large-scale administration, and for persuading others—including his seniors—to do what he wanted them to do.

Between 1937 and 1945 he was nursing the safe Labour constituency of South Leeds, which he now represents; and, inside the Labour Party, he was making his mark on the financial sub-committee of the Executive. But as the year of Allied (and Socialist) victory approached his heart gave him trouble and he was told by his doctor that he would not be able to stand. A more drastic repetition of his early setbacks seemed to be impending, but Dalton called in Lord Horder, and Horder allowed him a token election campaign. It was enough; he was in with a 10,000 majority.

* * *

Office came to him almost at once—under Shinwell at the Ministry of Fuel and Power. When Shinwell failed Gaitskell took his place (and has never been forgiven). He moved the Third Reading of the Bill to nationalize the mines. He was also working outside his own Ministry and had quite a lot to do with the decision to devalue in 1949. In 1950 he became Minister of State for Economic Affairs under Cripps, and when Cripps resigned he succeeded him as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Behind the scenes his reputation has been growing. But as a Parliamentarian he was none too successful. He made a fool of himself by announcing to the House that he did not find it necessary to have more than one bath a week (Churchill fell upon this

HUGH GAITSKELL



Camera Press.

THE GAITSKELLS AT HOME (N.B. THE FOLKSY TOUCH).

with glee). He introduced a note of spivviness in the matter of petrol rationing by basing a decision on the assumption that people had been claiming and receiving more "supplementary" petrol than they needed. There were many who, before this decision, had hesitated to perjure themselves by putting in false claims; there were very few thereafter. He sometimes mistook the House of Commons for a lecture room. Nevertheless, by 1951, he was ready for the crucial fight of his career.

Aneurin Bevan, very much an old-stager, had been watching the newcomer's rise with mixed feelings. By the time Attlee had passed him over for both the Foreign Office and the Exchequer his indignation was aroused. (History may record that Attlee's failure to appoint Bevan Foreign Secretary in 1951 was one of the worst mistakes in his Premiership.) When Gaitskell brought in an austerity Budget, imposing charges in the Health Service, Bevan seems to have made up his mind that this was the moment to challenge

the upstart and finish him off. But just as Napoleon forgot Blücher, and Lord Randolph Churchill forgot Goschen, Bevan forgot the trade union block votes. It is clear that he also underrated his rival. Proletarian by origin, Whig aristocrat by nature, he was too contemptuous of the bourgeoisie. No attitude could be more fatal for a British Socialist.

The war that followed was bitter, and it lasted for five years, while Labour lost two elections. But when Attlee at length retired, Gaitskell was elected Party Leader by an unambiguous vote. His friends point out, moreover, that he made remarkably few concessions of principle while securing his victory. So far as policy is concerned, it is true that he won very largely on his own terms; but he made one very damaging personal concession. Harold Wilson, who had resigned with Bevan in 1951, managed to become a balancing factor in the Bevan-Gaitskell struggle; and it is generally thought that, in order to obtain his support, Gaitskell

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virtually promised him the Exchequer in the next Labour Government. It is also felt—by many Socialists and by nearly all non-Socialists—that Wilson is a man to whom no one in his right senses would willingly promise anything.

* * *

How good has Gaitskell been as Leader of the Opposition? And how good will he be if, as seems likely, he becomes Prime Minister? He has undoubtedly given his party a degree of unity which was unthinkable only a short time ago. He has established a working relationship with Bevan, and in doing so has induced Bevan to quarrel irreparably with his erstwhile supporters. At present there is no serious threat to his leadership, and he leads in a more definite sense than Attlee did—in Opposition. Yet he has signally failed to inspire enthusiasm. Though the Tory Party has been passing through one of its most disastrous phases, the Labour Party has not been winning the allegiance of disillusioned floating voters, while at the same time its stalwart workers at the constituency level have themselves been becoming increasingly disillusioned. In uniting the body of the Party, Gaitskell may perhaps have killed its spirit.

He has a task which few would envy—to give new life and new direction to a Party which has lost its original impetus. His move away from the felicitous simplicities of nationalization is part of a much larger process. The Labour Party's mission was to accelerate the 20th century social revolution and then to consolidate and organize its gains. In Gaitskell's eyes this mission has not yet been fulfilled, but he knows very well that in a decade or two from now science and education will have so transformed society that the dreams and dogmas of the early Socialists will seem pathetic relics of an incomprehensible past. If Labour is to have a future, it must think and act in a less traditional manner. Gaitskell has therefore to bring about a radical change in his Party without reviving the state of civil war to which it has so often been prone, and without sacrificing the loyalty of its older members.

He must have hoped that the Suez issue would provide the basis for a *risorgimento*, but he did not take into account the essential insularity and jingoism of the Labour rank-

and-file. The conflict which the Government's Suez policy provoked was on strictly party lines in Parliament, but not in the country; and Gaitskell's speeches, though they will earn him the praise of historians, were of no immediate political advantage to him. In one respect, moreover, even historians will have to admit that he made a very grave blunder; in his television broadcast at the height of the crisis he arraigned Sir Anthony Eden as an individual and urged all Conservatives to disown him. This was not only unsound constitutionally; it was also, and above all, unsound psychologically. It gave at least one Cabinet Minister who was on the point of resigning a plausible excuse for not doing so, and it strengthened rather than weakened the quasi-Fascist personality cult which was at that time bedevilling the Tory Party. It is interesting to note that Eden himself made exactly the same mistake in his notorious broadcast of August 8, 1956, when he launched a personal attack on Colonel Nasser.

The similarity of these two speeches suggests a possible similarity of temperament between the two men—between Eden and Gaitskell. If the comparison is valid, there is reason to doubt Gaitskell's fitness to be Prime Minister. Apart from geniuses (and he is no genius) the men who have been effective in the highest post have been those who have been largely indifferent to the pressure of public and private opinion. Attlee is the classic example; he never cared what was thought of him and he isolated himself like the captain of a ship. Gaitskell cares very much what is thought of him, and he does not live in isolation. On the contrary, he surrounds himself with a coterie of intimates who are allowed to address him with extraordinary frankness, but who also defend him hotly whenever he is criticized by outsiders. This way of life is endearing, but it is of very questionable wisdom. Eden too had his cronies, though their intellectual calibre was much inferior; and whereas a Churchill can afford to have cronies, an Eden or a Gaitskell cannot.

There are some who hate Hugh Gaitskell and some who love him; but those who hate him do not really fear him. This could help to explain why his success as Leader of the Opposition has only been partial, and why his failure as Prime Minister may be total.

But—and this must be the last word—it is never quite fair to judge a Leader of the Opposition who has not been Prime Minister.

SHADES OF BLACK

By ANTHONY SAMPSON

"IN the last century," Dr. Nkrumah said to a journalist the other day, "the Europeans discovered Africa. In the next century the Africans will discover Africa." He was talking, appropriately enough, at the conference of eight independent African States at Accra, which might be regarded as the first stage in this new African discovery. It was not, it is true, a very formidable gathering; there were only three black States—Ghana, Liberia and Ethiopia—none of which is very notable for its interest in Africa beyond its own boundaries. But the very fact of their coming together to decide about the future of Africa (however ineffectual their decisions), as opposed to having it decided for them, is a fact that will find its echo throughout the bewildered continent.

For this idea of Africans discovering Africa, not only politically, but culturally, religiously, philosophically, is one that has been bubbling up in the noisy black townships from Cape Town to Accra. It is a recent thing; only in the last eighteen months, since the independence of Ghana and all the new confidence that spread from it, has the idea of an "African personality," as Dr. Nkrumah likes to call it, really begun to shape itself. But the idea of the African's Africa—of this new black self-consciousness, and self-confidence, together with the desire to re-think everything that the white man has taught—is something which will reverberate in the next few years. Once Nyasaland has leapt to independence, and Uganda, Nyasaland and Basutoland have turned a few shades darker, there will no longer be something minor and comic about black men thinking about themselves.

Of course, the feeling about Pan-Africa at present is much more an ideal than a reality; there can be no simple picture of a united black people in a black continent. In spite of all the talk about liberating black brothers, and being the vanguard of African freedom, there are few states so parochial and introverted as Ghana; indeed, there are some in Ghana who say that the first thing that Nkrumah did when he achieved independence, like Napoleon in *Animal Farm*, was to come to terms with the hated White Government in South Africa (he made friendly noises, it is

true, but he has hardly yet compromised himself). Black South Africans who have emigrated to Ghana and Nigeria, thinking them to be friendly Utopias, have been surprised by the ignorance and indifference about the Union, and the extent to which they themselves are treated as strangers, hardly less odd than Whites.

The whole white man's picture of Africa as being a network of interrelated countries, a distinctive continent whose common denominator is blackness, is a quite different map from that in African minds. The black African map is at least as multicoloured as that of Europe to Europeans; on top of the traditional enmities and loyalties of tribes and conquests, the different conditionings of white settler rule have produced quite different values and standards, and very different views of race. Nor is there any simple equation between freedom and achievement. A Ghanaian visiting South Africa will be staggered by the sophistication and education of the African intelligentsia; black South Africans visiting Rhodesia are bored stiff by the African country bumpkins and their petty politics; and in Uganda they are appalled by the black *apartheid* between aristocracy and workers. Nyasas arriving in South Africa (for mining or domestic service) are cast for the same kind of role by the Johannesburg African "city slickers" as the "country gulls" in Elizabethan comedy.

There is no simple connection between these heterogeneous people; Europeans who speak of Tom Mboya wanting to set up a Ghana in Kenya, or Congress in South Africa being inspired by the Mau Mau in Kenya, might as well talk of setting up a Reichstag in Westminster. In practical influence the link between one country and another is extraordinarily slender. What is important is the idea of Pan-Africa, to which at the moment Ghana is the lightning conductor; and the idea can be more powerful than the reality. The cry of "Ghana!" which goes up in moments of crisis or celebration in the locations of Kenya, Rhodesia or South Africa is a very vague idea, which has little to do with the small State of the West coast; but it is an idea which is immensely evocative, for here is the beginning of the proud new

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A.P.

SCENE AT THE CONFERENCE OF INDEPENDENT AFRICAN NATIONS: ACCRA, APRIL, 1958.

Africa. Here is the awakening giant, late to find its feet, but profiting (so Africans will say) from its very lateness to avoid all the world's mistakes, and to face the 20th century free of the clutter and disillusion of a fumbled past.

This is the subject that you will now hear African writers, politicians and intellectuals discussing everywhere, however distant their prospects of power may seem; it is a discussion in which American Negroes and West Indians have joined, feeling at last that their African heritage is something to be proud of, something more than a background of servitude. What kind of new Utopias shall we build? What have we Africans got to teach the world? What shall we choose and reject from the West and the East? What do we look like as we preen ourselves in the mirror? It is a discussion conducted with all the boundless optimism of a twenty-first birthday.

It is, you may say, very much like the Asian awakening, an offshoot of Bandung. The same obscurantism, the same mystic talk about the "black soul," the same

retreat into religious history and national traditions, leaving the white man confused and feeling unwelcome? It is too much, you may argue, to expect white men to take an interest in this new Africanism, to wave gaily as the African ship casts off its lines from the Western quay, for more remote and Eastern regions.

But it is very different from Asia. However much Africa is looking to her past—even in West Africa, where the sense of history and traditions are strongest—her eye is firmly set on the future; and it is, at the moment at least, a firmly Western future. The African intellectuals in whose hands this future will lie, are to a quite unusual degree the creations of the West; they have mostly undergone, at one stage in their lives, a period of obsession with Western ideas, forgetting all their own past, to an extent that no Asian leader would allow. However proud and confident Africans may sound when they talk of the old kingdoms of Ghana or Monomotapa, there is nothing that they would like less than to revert to the society in which Europeans first found them. The years of white mockery of black savagery

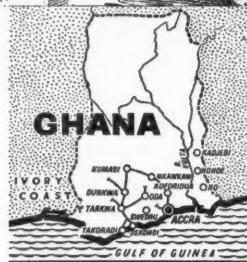


ACCRA: The illustration is a tribute to the dashing watermanship of the cheerful Fanti paddlers who man the surfboats—a well-known feature of the waterfront of Accra. They play a vital part in the commerce of Accra, for the port has no deep-water harbour, though it handles about one-third of the imports of Ghana.

How long their skilful trade will continue to flourish is uncertain, for the great increase in the wealth and commerce of Ghana has already led to an extension of the modern port facilities at Takoradi, while 17 miles to the east of Accra work is in progress on a new port at Tema.

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(far different from the instinctive Western respect for Indian traditions) have left their deep mark on African minds. Though some Africans will justify a retrogressive movement like Mau Mau, they will justify it only as a desperate instrument of liberation, as necessary as the Stern gang to Israel.

Africans will not readily reject Western teaching, but they will reject the teachers. For many of them believe that they have, in their learning of Western thought, achieved something much purer and nobler than the West brought to them; and this is a thought which fascinates African intellectuals. Christianity without capitalism, education without privilege, government without arrogance, technology without inhumanity—these are the themes which run through African talk. In a recent essay called *Tradition and Industrialization*, the American novelist Richard Wright (inclined admittedly to over-romanticize the African predicament) suggests that the white men, by their very inhumanity, brought about an African revolution of rationality for which all black men must be thankful: "Thank you, Mr. White Man, for freeing me from the rot of my irrational traditions and customs, though you are still the victims of your own irrational customs and traditions."

The idea of the pupil teaching the teacher is one that recurs often in African writings about the White Man, and there is often an almost patronizing tone in their attitude to whites. "Technically he is in the atomic age, but spiritually he is retarded," says Marcus James, a West Indian writing about Christianity in the emergent Africa—a Christianity which is to cast off the accretions of Western dominance, and return to the simple humanity of Christ.

Humanity is a word which runs through any African conversation about their Utopia; sometimes, of course, it is overlaid with more sentimental Marxist idealization of the underdog, but at heart it is a very genuine African reaction. At some point in talking with almost any African politician there will be some sign of fear that, in gaining their freedom, they will lose their humanity. "To the absurd utilitarian agitation of the white, the black opposes the long authenticity of his suffering," says Jean-Paul Sartre in *Orphée Noir*, expounding the characteristics of *Négritude*: "The black represents himself in his own eyes as the man who has taken upon himself all human misery, and who suffers for all, even for the White."

There is nothing new, of course, about the idealization of suffering; an oppressed people must, after all, make the best of their predicament. What is new about the Africans is their complete absorption and digestion of the oppressors' ideas, at the same time that they are fighting them. They fight back with the same ideas, but fighting them with a new thought which, they believe, gives them a far broader humanity.

The new thinking shows itself in all kinds of forms, in each of which the white man's values are questioned in the white man's terms. I have before me a thesis on "The Non-European Character in South African English Fiction," written by one of the best black South African writers, Ezekiel Mphahlele, whose autobiography will soon be published in this country. It is basically a protest against the stereotyping of black characters in white men's books, as the powerless victims of their fate; he contrasts the two-sided awareness of *A Passage to India* or *An Outcast of the Islands* with what he regards as the flat portrayal of the bogus "African character" in a South African novel like *Cry, the Beloved Country*. But however critical Mphahlele is of South African writers, his models of fine characterization of Africans remain white models.

Mphahlele was protesting against an acceptance of white portrayals of Africans which was until quite recently unquestioned; the lack of African writing about Africans shows how undeveloped the African self-consciousness still is. It is one of the surprising ironies that the concept of the African personality, or *Négritude*, is most talked of among Africans who have become most assimilated, superficially at least, with white men. American Negroes, West Indians, and French Africans in Paris, are the leaders in the movement for African self-expression, and their chief organ, *Présence Africaine*, is published in Paris. It is an odd twist that French Africans envy their counterparts in British territories for the *apartheid* which (they say) enables them to develop a national consciousness; while in fact it is the assimilated "white" Africans, disengaged from the preoccupations of the struggle, who are the main spokesmen for that consciousness.

But the Africans' exploration of Africa is progressing all the time, and snowballing as it gathers confidence and the prestige of numbers. It is still comparatively inarticulate; all one can do is to take note of it, pick up a few hints of its direction, and watch for

COWARDS ALL

developments. But it is an exciting movement, which need not be observed by the West with despair; if it founders, it is partly the West's blame, for the educated African is essentially the Pygmalion of the West, rejuvenated and perhaps purified. The mixture of confusion and hope that makes up the modern African writer could be summed up in a poem by a

Sierra Leonian writer, Crispin George:

Let me play with the white man's ways
Let me work with the black man's brains
Let my affairs themselves sort out.
Then in sweet rebirth I'll rise a better man
Not ashamed to face the world.

ANTHONY SAMPSON.

COWARDS ALL

How many Battalions has Dissent?

By CHRISTOPHER DRIVER

MOST High Tories carry about with them a mental image of the Nonconformist conscience. When this image rises before them—after a brush with the Temperance lobby, say, or a mute, illiterate rebuke from a Wayside Pulpit—it usually spoils their day. For one thing, English Nonconformity is not less infuriating because it has largely ceased to be effective. Watching Mrs. Partington at work must have been a depressing experience. So anyone who feels a bit Poujadist about contemporary English politics—and that means most of us—sometimes wistfully asks to know whether there is any dynamic, any design for living behind the drab façade of unavailing disapproval which the Free Churches present to the world. There is a Methodist church near my home whose only visible notice reads "Trespassers will be prosecuted." It couldn't be put better. And yet—and yet one hopes that Lazarus is only sleeping. Is there—was there—a Nonconformist conscience? The phrase is meaningless without the background, and my study must begin by determining what it is which has degenerated.

We have been told that we are all Liberals now. When the electors of Torrington took this remark to its logical conclusion, they probably did not reflect on all the long-forgotten victories which have made it true. The main political objectives of organized Dissent since the Restoration were ones of which no contemporary Tories—and only a very few *sub Roma* Anglicans—would dare to disapprove. For two centuries after 1662, when Nonconformity was created by the ejection of 2,000 Presbyterian and Independent ministers from their livings, almost the

sole political concern of the Dissenters was the achievement of full religious liberty. To this end a body known as the Protestant Dissenting Deputies was set up in 1732, its first object being to secure the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. The minutes of this committee, which became a powerful extra-Parliamentary pressure group, convey vivid glimpses of the Nonconformist conscience in action. Their tactics and courtesy—even when confronted by a rector's stubborn and illegal refusal to bury a Dissenter's baptized child—command respect.

On abolition, for instance, they were too wary to endanger Wilberforce's bill by violent lobbying in its support, though their feelings are not in doubt: the minute reads,

Resolved that in the event of the passing of the above bill it will be desirable that the Protestant Dissenters should publicly express their gratitude to Almighty God for the deliverance of our country from that National Sin.

In 1831 they were so zealous for Reform that they raised £900 to pay Lord John Russell's election expenses. And in 1871 they celebrated the removal of the last public injustice affecting Dissenters with the following minute:

The Deputies believe that the consistent conduct of those Nonconformists at the Universities who have in recent years taken honours but have refused Fellowships which they could not conscientiously accept has greatly aided the passing of this measure, and deserves the grateful recognition of Dissenters and the public generally.

The Deputies' minutes in the 19th century were dominated by the long controversy over Education. The wrangle was conducted

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with inconceivable bitterness, but the smoke it engendered should not obscure the fact that the Dissenters saved the country from clerical domination in the State schools—a development which was a very real danger at one time, and which would in the long run have done the Church of England no good. But by the end of the 19th century the Deputies had begun to suffer from the intoxication of achievement. The Balfour Education Act of 1902 initiated a campaign of civil disobedience. The Act put the Church schools on the rates. Several Free Churchmen went to prison rather than pay—how wonderful they must have felt—and the Deputies became more truculent:

1903. Resolved that it is the duty of every constituency to require from any Parliamentary candidate seeking the votes of Free Churchmen to give a distinct pledge that he will vote for the amendment of the Education Acts of 1902 and 1903.

After 1906, trivialization set in. Other worries absorbed them: were they going to be invited to the King's garden party? And in 1919 the tone for the century was set—the Deputies condemned Premium Bonds.

They should not be blamed too harshly. Religious emancipation was the Deputies' *raison d'être*, and their connection with economic and political reform was, as it were, accidental. Nor were Dissenters generally equipped for the radical criticism of *laissez-faire* capitalism which the 19th century—as we can now see—was requiring of them. Their Protestant individualism did not allow them to recognise the existence of an evil which could not be blamed on anyone in particular. It is no accident that the social reformers thrown up by the Church of England—Scott Holland, Talbot, Gore—were mostly Anglo-Catholics, and it was the evangelical, socially indifferent piety of the official Methodist leadership which made Booth break away to found the Salvation Army. All the civic loyalty of Victorian Nonconformists—and English municipal government is largely their creation—cannot save them from Brunner's judgment (*The Divine Imperative* p. 550):

The free Churches are forced to play for popularity; in their criticism of social conditions they dare not go to the last ditch; their mouth is stopped by consideration for the members who support them.

This lightly sketched background will be of use if it cancels out a few romantic, Chester-

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tonian misconceptions. For instance, it is a pity that the "Nonconformist conscience," as a phrase, dates from one of its most frivolous applications. In 1890, when Parnell was cited as co-respondent in the O'Shea divorce case, he was forced to resign by the meaningless bombast of Hugh Price Hughes—"What is morally wrong can never be politically right." Ever since, this phrase has hung like an albatross from the neck of Nonconformity: the Irishman has had his revenge. Sixty-five years later, a divorced and re-married Prime Minister aroused scarcely a single qualm.

But in those sixty-five years Nonconformity had slid downhill at a rate which neither Lucifer nor the Liberal Party could hope to match. Indeed of the old alliance, only the *Manchester Guardian* is left, the magnificent misfit which publishes no racing tips and which can keep alive a correspondence on drunken drivers for longer than any other newspaper in the country. Nor is this merely an afterglow, a hangover from a forgotten theological concern. *The Guardian* still publishes "Free Church Notes"—scholarly, ecclesiastically introspective essays which cannot command a wide readership outside the Free Churches themselves. It is still prepared to devote most of a page to Christian unity, to produce a Religious Books Supplement, or make an issue out of the transportation of horses. Most important, it has absorbed the thunder which has passed from the English pulpit. Its leader-writers do not actually take texts, but they would know just what to do with them if they did. At Suez time, the *Guardian* was bitterly attacked for saying—rather more appositely—very much what Hugh Price Hughes said about the Parnell case. Ironically, the critics included many Nonconformists, whose political education had been derived from a new and alien source. The Rev. Sylvester Horne, M.P., and his week-night mens' meeting at Whitefields Chapel, are patterns which now look faded. Lord Beaverbrook and the Rotary Clubs have taken their toll.

British Nonconformity has even suffered the final indignity of having its social conscience parcelled up among its rivals. The Lord's Day Observance Society, for example, which is commonly thought of as the spearhead of militant Dissent, is in fact most deeply rooted in evangelical Anglicanism. The careful, exegetical preaching which is still to be heard in most Baptist and Congregational churches is not really conducive to

the L.D.O.S.'s brand of semi-fundamentalist sabbatarianism, and it is interesting to note that out of every four Parliamentary candidates in 1951 who pledged their support to "the English Sunday," three were Conservatives. And although—as I hope to show—the Nonconformist vote has moved Right in the present century, other sources of supply must have been tapped to give the L.D.O.S. its substantial annual income of £29,000.

The Roman Catholic Church has also been moving in on some of the cherished functions of the Free Churches. The *émigré* Irish priest is nowadays a more influential (and much less discriminating) *censor moralium* than the Presbyterian minister over the road. Moreover the Romans—the only people seriously discontented with the 1944 Education Act—still breathe life into this moribund controversy. Much may be learnt about the comparative influence of the Churches in politics from a paragraph in J. D. Stewart's book on *British Pressure Groups*:

Catholic Parents' and Electors' Association have been an active campaigner at elections on the issue of financial support for Catholic schools, hardly counterbalanced by the leaflets circulated by the Secular Education League, or even by the more formidable intervention of local Free Church Federal Councils, for the simple reason that the latter bodies do not command votes whereas it is considered that the Roman Catholic Church may. These tactics are remarkable in that this is probably the only group which places most weight during a campaign on election activities (p. 229).

The prevailing apathy in the Free Churches could be illustrated over and over again from the religious Press. Admittedly, denominational newspapers generally give an unnecessarily dismal picture of religious England. Politics to them means a poignant, minor-public-school pride in the fact that Mr Dulles is a Presbyterian, Mr. Diefenbaker a Baptist. But sometimes they are better than their public. Last September, the then editor of the *British Weekly* welcomed the Wolfenden Report in a characteristically forceful article without arousing the slightest reaction from his readers. And in 1943, when the Education Act was under discussion, a solitary enthusiast wrote: "Even the insistent clamour of the Roman Catholic Church for yet more generous treatment than the bill provides has failed to arouse what used to be known as the Nonconformist conscience." The temper of the paper at that time was well expressed by the contributor who began an article on

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"Worship in Schools" by apologizing for bothering his readers with this subject "which seems at first sight to belong only to the limited field of education."

There are at least four reasons for this loss of dynamism, this virtual abdication of real social responsibility. There is first of all the weakness of the Church as a whole—and the Free Churches are at the top of the casualty list. According to *English Life and Leisure*, Nonconformist congregations in York—as a proportion of the adult population—have dwindled by two-thirds in fifty years. It is no longer possible to terrify a prospective parliamentary candidate by threatening to withhold the Nonconformist vote from him, because it isn't there. And even if it was, a shrewd politician would know that in default of a Liberal candidate, whom many Nonconformists might be expected to support, Free Churchmen in general would exercise their own private choices between the two evils offered them, largely unaffected by the comic-opera deliberations of the Free Church Federal Council.

However, within this overriding reason for the decline, there are others. It has already been pointed out that the battle for religious liberty was won before the 20th century began. This left the Protestant Dissenting Deputies with nothing left to fight for. It left no single issue (except Education, and now that has gone too) on which Nonconformists were automatically united. When the whirligig of politics abducted the Liberal Party, things fell apart; the centre could not hold. The 20th century has not lacked moral issues, but they have normally been too puzzling, too debatable for the Free Churches to go nap on. "Ban the H-bomb," "Abolish hanging"—these are things which Christians, surprising as it may seem, find it difficult to agree about.

Again, there is "the great new fact of our time," as Archbishop Temple called it—the ecumenical movement. Undeniably, the effect of ecumenicity on English religious life has been salutary. But in making Nonconformists treat their theological opponents with common courtesy, it has damped the fires in their bellies. "The entire debate between Anglicans and Free Churchmen" (says Lovell Cocks in 'The Nonconformist Conscience') "has been transferred from the public platform to the more hopeful setting of the conference room and the devotional retreat." More hopeful perhaps. But what happens behind these closed doors

is naturally hidden from the general public, sometimes even from the churchgoing public. Moreover, we are beginning to feel our losses. There are not enough able men to do everything at once, to be pastoral ministers, denominational administrators, ecumenical conferrers and smart political in-fighters, all simultaneously. Consequently we have to be content with electing mealy-mouthed committee-men, ecclesiastical lotus-eaters, to positions of spokesmanship, men who not only lack the courage to ridicule the Prime Minister's casual approach to serious matters, the Archbishop's superb insensitivity to human emotions, but who often seem to find themselves in sympathy with both.

The fourth factor which needs to be considered is the shift in the geographical and social location of strong Nonconformist churches. (This process has been well described by Daniel Jenkins in *Congregationalism: a Restatement*.) These churches are now suffering from the penalties of toleration. Their deacons have expense accounts, Ford Consuls in pastel shades and £100 in Premium Bonds. The children who started off in the Sunday School have been scrubbed by Anglican public schools, and polished by venerable universities. They frequently back-slide. Whatever they do, they will come to London, and to-day the churches which flourish, which keep the denomination's funds above the danger-line and exercise a limited but benevolent influence on their neighbourhood, are no longer in Bradford and the Rhondda, but in Banstead and Mill Hill. Their congregations have become the suburban second-row-forwards of the Establishment, part of the *Daily Telegraph*-reading classes. (Indeed, there is a peculiar poignancy about the sight of such a person reading the *Daily Telegraph*. He reads it, in the first place, because he has persuaded himself that he cannot afford *The Times* or the *Guardian*. But perhaps he has come to accept its attitudes as well, to be anti-Wolfenden and pro-Suez. He is probably not aware that the Berrys—by origin Welsh Congregationalists from Merthyr Tydfil—are among the most eminent living examples of backsliding Nonconformity; casual, unsuspected executioners who have got the Nonconformist conscience sagging on the ropes, the willing victim of a right hook from big business Conservatism.)

The knock-out looks final. There are at present practically no issues—certainly no important ones—which command a distinctive Nonconformist vote. But it should be

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noted that this is a development alien to a long tradition of political radicalism which began under the first Elizabeth with the Marprelate Tracts. While the Church as a whole remains on the defensive, the forecast must be "no change," and perhaps we should be content with the surprising amount of voluntary social service which is still done by members of Free Churches, with the money they give to their missionary societies, and with the fact that their children still enter the most demanding and worst paid jobs which society has to offer, becoming nurses, teachers, social workers and even, occasionally, Free Church ministers. But it is not in our nature to be long content with political quietism, or to expect very much from the type of revival promised by the nattily-suited transatlantic evangelists. One development should perhaps be noted. Until fairly recently, it has been comparatively rare in Free Churches to find university graduates in positions of leadership. The grants Committee has changed all that, and from the universities, where Christianity is once more intellectually respectable and George Macleod and Donald Soper, rather than Billy Graham, are held in honour,

new ideas may filter through. It is significant that it is the younger generation in our churches which finds most to admire in the explosive documents of the English Puritans, in *Reformation without Tarrying for Arie* and *Tyranipocrit*. *Tyranipocrit, discovered with his wiles, wherewith he vanquisheth* was published anonymously in 1649, and has this to say about colonial exploitation:

Our merchants, they travel by Sea and Land, to make Christian proselites, chiefly our Indian merchants; but consider their practices, and the profit that wee have by their double dealing, first in robbing of the poore Indians of that which God and nature hath given them, and then in bringing of it home to us, that wee may the better set forth and show the pride of our hearts, in decking of our proud carcasses and feeding of our greedy guts with superfluous, unnecessary commodities.

There speaks the authentic voice of the Nonconformist conscience, the voice of the grocer who would be more than willing to stand a man a cheese. It is a voice which the desire for conformity should never be allowed to still.

CHRISTOPHER DRIVER.

MISTS AROUND THE SUMMIT

By DENYS SMITH

DURING the last thirty years American foreign policy has progressed from isolation to interdependence. This has meant the adoption of new techniques in shaping American foreign policy. The U.S. is now the leading member of many defensive pacts, such as NATO and SEATO. It is linked in alliances with some fifty nations, a condition which nobody before the war would have considered possible. The American public are often none too happy over the position of world leadership which has been thrust upon their country. It means new responsibilities and new burdens. But above all it means that the American Government can no longer formulate a foreign policy by asking the simple question, "Is this in our national interest?" It must now also consider, "Is this in the interest of our partners?" It has often appeared from abroad as though too little attention had been given to this second consideration. It has just as often appeared

from within the United States as though too much attention had been paid it.

One could take American Middle East policy as an example. Middle East policy at the moment means, in effect, the policy adopted towards Nasser. Little doubt is felt here that he is the most popular Arab leader among all Arab peoples, as opposed to governments. Suppose he were to extend his influence to Iraq, Saudi Arabia and other areas where there are governments which follow an independent policy? Suppose, having extended his influence throughout the Arab world, he were to nationalize oil production? American interests would be affected hardly at all. America's own oil production, together with that of the Western hemisphere, would be sufficient. In the old days the U.S. need have paid no attention to Nasser. But Middle East oil is an essential part of British strength; it constitutes the backbone of the sterling area. So under the

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new concept of interdependence American policy towards Nasser and the Middle East must take British interests into consideration. It cannot remain indifferent. The cautious movement towards restoring more normal relationships with Nasser and his United Arab Republic may be criticized abroad as going too far, but there are many in the United States who think the U.S. is not going far enough.

Or take another of the world's trouble spots, Indonesia. The rebel views meet with traditional American sympathy. It seems unfair that the islands with the greatest wealth should not have a greater share in determining Indonesian policy. The Indonesian Government's theories of guided democracy run counter to American principles. Pure national interest would dictate helping the rebels. But when the stability of the whole South-East Asia area is considered, together with American duties as a member of the United Nations, the only possible policy is one of strict neutrality.

One of the areas in which America's interests, considered in isolation, are in sharpest contrast with considerations based on the principle of interdependence is North Africa. Traditional American sympathies, with their roots in America's own colonial past, are on the side of the Tunisians and the Algerian rebels. But France is one of the principal nations of NATO. No American policy towards North Africa can be adopted which ignores that central fact.

One of the disadvantages of formulating foreign policy in this age of interdependence is that the speed of Russia in reaching policy decisions cannot be matched. Khrushchev decides and the satellites follow after him. The United States must formulate its own views and then reach a collective decision with its allies. There is no such thing as an opposition in Russia, in the democratic sense of the word. It would be unhealthy to challenge Khrushchev's decisions unless the challenger felt strong enough to supplant Khrushchev. Western opposition parties cannot be ignored.

Listening to some critics of Dulles you might suppose that so far as foreign policy was concerned he operated in much the same way as Khrushchev. It is true that the State Department is conducted pretty much as a one-man show. But American foreign policy is an amalgam of domestic and Allied views.

A close associate of Dulles commented that

he had one of the most amazing brains, and bodies, of anybody he had ever met. Foreign Ambassadors would agree. They see him on some rather restricted subject and instead of having a battery of experts sitting behind him, as would other Foreign Ministers, he has all the facts at his finger-tips and acts as his own expert. Dulles's first experience with international politics was at Versailles in 1919, when his uncle, Lansing, was Secretary of State. He observed how Lansing was constantly humiliated by Colonel House. Later he saw how Cordell Hull was undermined at the World Economic Conference in 1933 by Raymond Moley, and later how Roosevelt relied more on Sumner Welles and Harry Hopkins than on his Secretary of State. Dulles was determined that he would never be involved in that kind of situation. He would have to take the responsibility, so he would see that he ran the show. One by one all organizations which deal with any aspect of American foreign policy have been brought under State Department direction. Foreign aid in Paul Hoffman's time was an independent operation, with Hoffman having direct access to the President and full Cabinet rank. It is now under the State Department. The American Information Service is under the State Department. The latest change was to bring disarmament policy under the State Department, which meant the elimination of Harold Stassen. The rivalry of Dulles and Stassen was more an organizational matter than a foreign policy matter. To keep a measure of independence Stassen made himself the spokesman for the so-called "flexible" approach. It is interesting to see that once Stassen was eliminated Dulles found it easier to adopt a flexible approach himself.

Given Dulles's pre-eminence in the American foreign policy field the argument over the relative merits of trying to end East-West tensions at a Summit Conference or at a Foreign Ministers' Conference becomes a little pointless. The American contribution to any East-West Conference would come from Dulles whether it was a Summit or a lower-level conference. Another fact to be borne in mind is that neither Eisenhower nor Dulles can speak for the United States in the same way that Macmillan or Prime Minister X of France can speak for their Governments. A European Prime Minister holds office by virtue of commanding a Parliamentary majority. An American President holds office by virtue of direct election, and the electors in their wisdom have given the

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Democratic opposition a majority in Congress.

In nearly every topic which would come up for discussion at a Summit Conference one or other of America's allies have a more vital interest than the United States itself. Their views must therefore be considered, and formulating a composite approach is a highly complicated matter. It also means that none of the official public statements of the American Government represents the pure, unalloyed American attitude. That is why it is interesting to note the views of Dulles's predecessor, Dean Acheson, a man incidentally often accused in the past of being "soft on Communism." If Dulles was subject to no inhibitions it is very probable that his views would be similar to those of Acheson. The world situation is sufficiently the same, the time-lag between their respective terms of office sufficiently short, for this to be so. In accepting a Summit Conference, said Acheson, "Allied governments are not moved by their own responsible judgment but by popular pressure, upon which the opposition parties are capitalizing to the serious concern of governments. Everywhere, except in the United States, opposition parties are pushing governments to go further into various forms of negotiation than is sensible." The former Secretary of State had a good time blaming his successor for the growth of the naive foreign public opinion which opposition parties were using. Dulles was the architect of a foreign policy "which has been an odd assortment of retrenchment, belligerence, moralism and bad manners," so foreign views of American policy could not be put down to "pure malevolence." But they were nonetheless dangerous. "Even though destined at this time, as I believe they [Summit negotiations] are, to come to nothing or even worse, it is not possible in my judgment to convince the people of several European countries that this is so without actual demonstration." Acheson was particularly critical of the assumption that the President "in his own person should be the negotiator and front line commander." The two applicable precedents of Paris in 1919 and Geneva in 1955 "were both failures." Forcing the President to attend such meetings "impairs the detached and final judgment which he must reserve. His action is far too likely to be corrupted by the intense pressure for a success, even though a spurious one. His failure involves not only the whole government but the nation as well."

Acheson's own formula for successful

negotiation with the Russians involves five elements which are all inter-related. One basis for negotiation would be the degree to which Eastern Europe was free from Soviet domination and Western Europe from complete dependence on the United States even for its initial defence. A second was the development of sufficient conventional armed strength in Western Europe to assure its ability to defend itself against Russian conventional armed strength if nuclear weapons were abolished. A third was the development of European unification into which West Germany would be fused, thus diminishing the fears in Eastern Europe of resurgent German militarism and replacing German nationalist ambitions with a wider European interest. This would open the way for the growth of national freedom in Eastern Europe. A fourth factor was a condition of stability in nuclear weapons development. As long as there was a possibility of spectacular change nobody knew what they were negotiating about in the nuclear field, or the consequences of any nuclear agreement. The fifth factor, which could only be appraised in the light of the other four, was the need for foreign forces on European soil. Russian troops assured the loyalty of Russian satellites. If they were several thousand miles away Russian influence on Europe would be no greater than that of Communist China. If American forces were not in Europe its influence in turn would be as remote as that of China; their presence was needed now to assure that the will of the Soviet Union should not be imposed by force. Immediate negotiation to withdraw American and Russian forces from Europe would not, said Acheson, lead, as George Kennan believed, to a free and independent Europe. It would on the contrary assure "the Soviet domination of Europe with all the intolerable results which this entails for all free nations." Equally disastrous would be the line of approach suggested by "the Russians and the British Labour Party." They would start with nuclear disarmament, beginning with a ban on tests. This would "leave the Soviet Union supreme with its conventional armaments." And if the United States baulked "it would leave the Soviet Union supreme in the field of political warfare."

The chief difference between Dulles and Acheson is that the former naturally does not blame himself for the state of foreign public opinion. He attributes it to the shrewdness

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of Russian propaganda and takes comfort from the thought that you cannot fool all of the people all of the time. But once having decided that Western opinion made a Summit Conference inevitable, Dulles's whole purpose has been to see that it would do some good and not be a mere show. And once it was clear that the United States was in earnest and that it would not, by opposing a Summit meeting, feed grist to the Russian propaganda mill, Russian policy has appeared to be one of stalling and of calculated delay. American policy makers have spent some time trying to fathom why. One suggestion is that Khrushchev is in new difficulties at home and wishes to consolidate his position there before meeting the West. Another is that he is waiting for Socialist Governments in West Germany and Britain which he thinks he could manipulate with greater ease. Still another is that Russia, by insisting on parity or balance in any negotiation and by baulking at preparatory talks on substantive matters, is not trying to waste time, but is aiming at the balance which would be achieved by bilateral negotiation between herself and the United States. The last thing the United States wants to do is act as sole "agent" for the West. It acted as agent for the United Nations in Korea and the experience was not a happy one. Bilateral negotiations between the U.S. and Russia are always a possibility. To become a reality they would have to stem from a Western Foreign Ministers' meeting and a real vote of confidence giving the United States a free hand in the negotiations.

Such a vote of confidence seems unlikely as long as there is a popular view abroad that the United States, that is to say Dulles, has no confidence in negotiation. But in reality Dulles believes that there are areas in which there can be negotiated agreements with the Communists, as there were in regard to the Berlin airlift, the Korean armistice and the Austrian State treaty, none of which incidentally required a Summit meeting. There was also a recent limited agreement on cultural exchanges. There seemed to be no reason why there should not be a negotiated agreement on Arctic inspection. Russia professed to fear American air manoeuvres in the North. The United States explained that it had to keep some planes in the air all the time to guard against massive sudden attack by Russia over the top of the world. International inspection on both sides of the Arctic area would have allayed both fears. But the Soviet Union used its veto in the

Security Council so that by deliberate Russian choice both fears and the risks involved must continue. Dulles commented: "The significance of that is frightening. The result is tragic. It means that at the will and choice of the Soviet Union we have to go on living on the edge of an awful abyss, from which we could so readily be rescued if only the Soviet Union did not insist upon retaining for itself the possibility of massive surprise attack." This incident more than any other has convinced the United States Government that the Soviet Union does not want any Summit meeting which could have any meaning or usefulness.

DENYS SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, *National and English Review*

RENTS

From Miss Enid Johnson

SIR,

It is stated, in your April issue "Episodes of the Month—Rents," that rents have been low over the last twenty years, but, in point of fact, rents have been very low for considerably longer than twenty years. During that time some houses have been let to tenants who agreed to pay more rent than the owner should ask; then, when their tenancy was assured, have claimed the whole of the excess and continued to pay the lower rent until the present Act came into force.

Now these houses, in some cases, have fallen into a very bad state of disrepair. Would it not be more economic for them to be occupied by the owner who can put repairs in hand to suit himself?

It seems to me a fair argument that, if an owner had opportunity to sell but chose to relet at a higher rent which did not materialize, that he should not be expected now to pay excessively for repairs. Or, in any case, might not this factor be taken into consideration?

Yours faithfully,

ENID JOHNSON.

14 Chester Road,
Cradley Heath, Staffs.
April 29, 1958.

Books: General

TABLE TALK AT *ITATTI* *

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

"IN Sioux City, in Wally Wally," writes Mr. Berenson in a *jeu d'esprit* on "Painting and National Income" (*New Statesman and Nation*, December 1946), "in Tombstone and many other American cities courses on Picasso are announced and students—female mostly—are encouraged to 'major' in them. (I do not quite know what it means to 'major.' Presumably it is something nice.)" There unmistakably is the author, as he speaks. Mr. Berenson, a Harvard man, has long pleased to speak and to write of the world west of the Alleghanies as so delightfully remote to be unlikely, if actual. New readers need not suppose that he has personally enjoyed anything of Wally Wally except the name, nor that he has ever intended to go there. But of course the gallant squire of Settignano knows as much in general as do most of his transatlantic compatriots just what it means for an American female to "major."

Florence, not Wally Wally, is the city—pretty perversities of conversation apart—on which we wish most to hear Mr. Berenson. And the earliest of the score of occasional pieces in the present selection, the one which is presumably his first post-war utterance in print, is devoted to his adopted city, particularly to the reconstruction of that part of it destroyed by the Wehrmacht. He wrote (*Ponente*, March 1945) of what he has long loved and understood. Here, arguing with clarity and warmth, he is at his most persuasive. Alas, this does not apply when he gives us his own short course (*Corriere della Sera*, November 1953) on Picasso. "For seventy years," he begins with ominous satisfaction, "I have been looking at works of art of the last seventy centuries. . . . I have learnt to be, as it were my own artist. And not that alone: the mere animal that I was at birth has been humanized through art." But after some praise for the portrait of the artist's mother, the remainder of Picasso's paintings earn a nonagenarian reproof. "The world they belong to is not the world I have lived in. I am not acquainted, nor do I want to be acquainted, with its inhabitants." Characteristically, the humanist that he has learnt to be

is too humanly weak to keep this dismissal curt. Before he can proceed to an appreciation of Picasso's excellence as a master of *l'arte del Disegno*, as a ceramist especially, Mr. Berenson has to dilate for three paragraphs of petulant irrelevance. "Most of these paintings represent neither human beings nor animals nor even monsters, but something resembling lay figures (*mannequins*), geometrized, with many facets, eyes and eyes and again eyes, noses upon noses, noses overlapping and getting more and more difficult to define, to recognize, let alone to understand." And so on, and so on. Any underprivileged female student from Wally Wally (if not the President of the Royal Academy) can do better than this.

Fortunately Mr. Berenson appears elsewhere in this book as a critic still worthy of his early years, in which he gave us *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters* and *Italian Painters of the Renaissance*. He is himself again on the illuminations of "An Illustrated Codex of the Master of San Miniato" (*Beiträge für Georg Swarzenski* and *Rivista d'Arte*, 1948) and on another minor figure of the Florentine Quattrocento, "Zanobi Macchiavelli" (*Burlington Magazine*, November 1950). He shows in the latter how, when he is really expert, he can be humble. "The types are Fra Filippo's of about 1440, but the execution is so little his that I have always attributed it to Pesellino still in his master's studio. That attribution has been accepted by a number of serious students, yet it never quite satisfied me. If I left it in my various publications it was in the hope that my not hitting the mark would not misdirect others from doing it. Now it looks as if it had better be ascribed to Macchiavelli." He can also pay tribute, though repeatedly assertive of his self-education in seeing, to his "revered master, Morelli" in a fascinating aside entitled "Importance of Fashion in the Dating of Pictures" (*Esposizione dell'Arte Tessili e della Moda*, March 1951). And in the finest thing in the book "A Sacra Conversazione in the Louvre" (*Revue des Arts*, April 1951),

* Essays in Appreciation. By Bernard Berenson. Chapman & Hall. 30s.

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a brilliant demonstration of his methods and insight as a connoisseur of Renaissance painting, Mr. Berenson shows where he stands as a master critic in the great tradition. Indeed in the opening sentence of his essay we catch the authentic tone which has been turned to full volume by his own most remarkable pupil. "From the moment that in the Louvre sixty-four years ago I first laid eyes on the picture I am going to discuss now," writes Mr. Berenson, and the phrases which follow could also be those of Sir Kenneth Clark: "It fascinated me by its glowing warmth, its saturated colouring, its statuesque personages so contented with mere existence, so silently happy to be together."

These are the plums. Where this latest issue of Berensoniana tastes wrong is not so much in any other of the pieces reprinted—though the "Giovan Battista Tiepolo" adds only paragraphs without fresh illumination to the phrases Mr. Berenson wrote thirty years ago, and it is sadly evident from the "Guido Reni" and "The Carraccis" that for him the Bolognese Seicento is still "the decline of art." Nor does sourness, nor childish prejudice without discrimination, against the iconographical approach to art history serve much better or worse than to add piquancy. (Could it be that Mr. Berenson wishes to attack the learned members and friends of the Warburg Institute?) The real foulness is in the book production: small and muddy plates; too many misprints; at least one unnecessary inaccuracy, concerning the present distribution of Domenico Veneziano's *predelle* to his St. Lucy altar (p. 68 c.v. *Italian Pictures of the Renaissance*, Oxford, 1932, p. 172); and, most distressing of all, the translation of the eighteen pieces which appeared originally in periodicals other than English. "When Professor Pellicoli with his high competence has achieved this noble task, Leonardo's most famous creation will be visible as it has not been for generations" could score marks as parody of guide-book language. "I would severely avoid demolitions that would expose isolated towers, which at best would look but quaint" is a bundle of words by the anonymous translator, which call for revision by some English equerry at the court of *i Tatti* before the collected works of Mr. Berenson are allowed to appear. Mr. Berenson himself, perhaps to indicate that he is not entirely happy about this present publication, has contributed not even two lines of general introduction.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

MORALITY v. THE REST

THE EPIC STRAIN IN THE ENGLISH NOVEL.
E. M. W. Tillyard. *Chatto and Windus*.
21s.

EPIC is a word like honour, not often found nowadays except in a rather debased or specialized sense—"your honour" or "an epic 18th hole." There may be some poetic justice in this. Both terms had their great day when morals and conduct were deeply ingrained with the idea of style, and when their correct application to life resembled the correct performance of a game. Latter-day moralists distrust this comparison. W. H. Auden has remarked: "The gulf between choosing to obey the rules of a game, and choosing to obey the rules of life which you have to obey whether you like it or not . . . is so infinite that all talk about childrens' games being a preparation for adult life is misleading twaddle." Auden admires novelists more than poets and his view is essentially that of the novel era; Jane Austen would have agreed with it; she had no use for *areté*, and her serious heroines can never be good by being stylish. The implied discrepancy was confirmed by George Eliot and Henry James and is still accepted in the conventional novel to-day.

So, on the face of it, epic and the novel are ideologically at opposite poles. Dr. Tillyard does not think so, however. He makes out a most interesting case for the upgrading of certain novels, on the ground that the criticism that holds them to be not really serious enough or interesting enough because they do not explore the human situation in moral terms, is taking the novel in too narrow a sense. It is quite true that we do tend to think too much of the novel in terms of moral discovery. Cambridge will tell us that *Vanity Fair* is trivial because it does not make such a discovery, and that *The Scarlet Letter* is a classic because it does; but Dr. Tillyard, who is quite independent of the critical climate that prevails at his university, pleads for greater tolerance and a greater variety of standards. He cannot find many good novels that celebrate the defence of a steep place against odds (W. P. Ker's somewhat rigorous definition of the epic subject), but he discourses most illuminatingly on several that exhibit more generally his own views on epic quality. *Robinson Crusoe* is a good example, because it perfectly illustrates (so it seems to me) a bourgeois version of the kind of *litotes* or understatement which we find so frequently

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in Homer and Beowulf. There is the famous footprint, with its laconic message of all the unknown horror that Crusoe is up against, and there is his comment on his drowned shipmates;

I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

More important is the whole conception of middle-class man up against it, victorious through his stubborn clinging to his goods and his God, and ennobled by this victory.

Dr. Tillyard is also excellent on Scott. Jane Austen's great contemporary cannot in the nature of things get fair treatment from the moralist school of fiction critics, and Dr. Tillyard emphasizes as the real measure of his greatness the *vatic* element in him, the extraordinary dream-like grandeur that, in the Scottish novels at least, survives all the homely detail and the hurried prose. After writing *The Bride of Lammermoor* Scott could not remember anything about it or how he had come to compose it. In many ways the spirit in him is like that of a genuine and infinitely greater Ossian—if one can imagine such a thing. It is not for nothing that Scott shares with Ossian's creator the greatest international popularity of any figure of the Romantic Revival. On his works even Byron comes a bad third.

I am delighted that Dr. Tillyard values *Waverley* highly. It is my favourite Scott, but I cannot agree that it has much of the epic in it; its charm lies in its sweeping presentation of the Hanoverian v. the Jacobean ethos—or, if you like, the bourgeois v. the romantic. It is a theme of high comedy and pathos which is in fact not so different from Jane Austen—compare *Waverley's "awakening"* with that of *Emma* or *Catherine Morland*—and though its handling is Russian in size and variety the epic moments, like the execution of Fergus, are really literary and not first-hand, moving as they are. Scott, for example, misquotes Virgil on Fergus's behalf,

*Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.**

I feel indeed that it is *variety* in the novel—variety not of scene or experience but of sympathy and tone—which is really undervalued to-day, and which Dr. Tillyard is championing in the guise of the epic. Life as a game, Life as an ironic episode to be carried off with dignity—these are stances

* Virgil wrote: *Aspicit, et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

which the novelist may surely sometimes be allowed to enter into and vividly portray. In so doing he may be at least as impressive as the novelists who explore morals, because what they are searching for consciously he may reveal unawares, through the very breadth and neutrality of his vision.

JOHN BAYLEY.

"ENQUIRE WITHIN"

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THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL. By Ronald W. Clark. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25s.

THE PHANTOM MAJOR. By Virginia Cowles. *Collins.* 16s.

ART AND REALITY. By Joyce Cary. *C.U.P.* 18s. 6d.

ENDGAME. By Samuel Beckett. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

THE familiar injunction, "Enquire Within", was used for a famous Victorian vademecum. Now it seems just as suitable for the fourth edition of *Everyman's Encyclopædia*. The first four volumes are out and the remaining eight will come out at two-monthly intervals so that publication should be completed by November.

Some idea of the scope of this completely new edition may be gathered from the statistics which show that there are nine million words, 50,000 articles, and 2,500 illustrations. Almost the only criticism I have to make is that the pictures might be a little sharper, more clearly defined. This is a small point and it is difficult to see how this compilation could be bettered as a concise work of reference for home use.

Mr. E. F. Bozman, the editor, was right to insist that for this edition very long articles should be broken up and distributed under appropriate sub-headings in their alphabetical order. Thousands of articles have been

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rewritten and the editor notes that "an encyclopædia's main concern is the summary of the findings of centuries of civilization." The comprehensive treatment given to important items will be seen from the fact that the articles run to 40,000 words if the subject demands a very full treatment.

It seems only a year or two ago that at Drury Lane—it must have been in 1914—I watched Lady Diana Manners throwing lilies from a box to Chaliapin upon the stage after a triumphant performance of *Khovantchina*. At that time Lady Diana, if she will forgive me for saying so, was as much in the public eye as the current film star of the moment or teenage crooner is to-day. She behaved with a delightful and quite unconscious arrogance that, as she now explains in the first volume of her autobiography, *The Rainbow Comes and Goes*, was the result of years of illness countered sometimes by peculiar and painful remedies. The poor child was so clumsy that she received the nickname "blunderbuss." Sheer will-power decided her to live it down and for forty years or so she has magnificently done so. Now, in her first published book, she shows that she is a born writer (it is true that she cannot spell) because, whether her personality appeals to you or not, you are left in no doubt at all about what kind of person she is, and how she used the privileges and opportunities that have come her way. Lady Diana seems to have kept a vast amount of correspondence and the exchanges between herself and Duff Cooper are among the best things in a remarkable period book, which covers childhood, the First World War, the author's marriage, and Duff Cooper's decision to leave the Foreign Office, while his wife sets out to America to appear in Reinhardt's *The Miracle*. This remains a radiant memory to anyone who saw it.

Professor Gordon Ray's *The Age of Wisdom*, 1847-1863, is the second and final volume of his biography of Thackeray. It seems to me to be better and livelier than its very competent predecessor. Thackeray, like Robert Bridges, objected strongly to being the subject of a biography. His descendants have wisely lifted this prohibition in favour of a conscientious and able scholar. Professor Ray is certainly not among the great biographers, but he knows exactly what to include and is an excellent critic of his subject's work.

I do not imagine that the enigma of Thackeray's complex personality will ever be solved now. The row with Dickens, the odd occasion when Charlotte Brontë dined at

Thackeray's house and her host slipped away before she had left, the affair with Mrs. Brookfield, a determined frivolity that offended a great many people, are all explained here as well as they may ever be. As one of Thackeray's daughters once said, "Papa always made jokes. I used to want him to be pompous but he never was anything but himself," and as he was a man of genius he was often difficult to understand. In a very concise summing up of Thackeray's fiction, Professor Ray makes the final comment that from the closer winnowing of those who apply the highest standards of world literature, *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond* at least survive. It is possible that if *Denis Duval* had been completed and revised it might have been added to them.

Two most useful works have been added to the vast Shakespearean library. Mr. R. C. Churchill's *Shakespeare and His Betters* is a history and a criticism of the authorship. Very few who read it will disagree with the author's conclusions that the most likely author of the plays is the Stratford actor himself. A very fair and good-tempered survey is given of all the other claimants and there is a good bibliography.

Professor Allardyce Nicoll's *Shakespeare Survey*, XI is concerned with the dramatist's last plays. It contains essays of real interest to the scholar and also the general reader. Mr. Roy Walker's review of recent productions is brilliantly done. Professor Coghill deals with six points of stage-craft in *The Winter's Tale*. This well-illustrated book is full of good reading. It seems, if possible, to be even better than its predecessors.

Boswell said, often enough, that he intended to write a biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He even made some mild attempts to gather material for it. He may have felt that Reynolds would have been rather an anti-climax after Johnson, but whatever the reason, he did not persevere. It is a pity because there were so many people known to him who could have given him first-hand material and reminiscences. It is over ninety years ago since the *Life and Times*, by C. R. Leslie and Tom Taylor, came out, and over fifty years since the last full-length biography. Mr. Derek Hudson's *Personal Study* makes use of three books by Professor Hilles, of Yale University, new material from the *Boswell Papers*, and other sources not available hitherto. Mr. Hudson is able to print for the first time, as an appendix, Reynolds' *Journey from London to Brentford*. This is a parody of Baretta's *A Journey from London to*

"ENQUIRE WITHIN"

Genoa, through England, Portugal, Spain and France. It is an amusing squib.

Reynolds probably achieved his unique position because he was not only a first-rate artist but also an exceptionally able writer. He was enormously ambitious and was able to discipline himself so closely that he was noted for mild geniality and invariable calm except late in his life, when he suffered from deafness and also from partial blindness. It is difficult to understand why Reynolds stirred up so much opposition when he proposed Bonomi as Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy and, when this was turned down, immediately resigned the Presidency and his seat as an Academician.

On reflection the malcontents came to heel. A committee of Academicians waited upon Reynolds and asked him to resume his position. The reason for this curious incident is probably due to Reynolds's large circle of friends and varied interests. He could command influence and enjoy a social life that was beyond his colleagues at the Academy. The relations between himself and Gainsborough are described very sensibly by Mr. Hudson, and there are some pleasant anecdotes about Reynolds's love of children. He was a man who thoroughly enjoyed life and got what he could out of it.

There is a story that Sir Joshua, on looking out of the window of his coach, caught sight of a farrier's sign:

Horses shod agreeable to Nature
And according to Art.

He was so delighted by this admirably worded injunction that he learned it and often repeated it to his friends. It is unlikely that Gainsborough would have given it a second glance.

Among the rather too large library of books of all kinds about James Joyce there is room for the remarkable *My Brother's Keeper*, by his brother, Stanislaus Joyce, whose admiration for James seems only to have been equalled by his irritation with him. As Mr. T. S. Eliot says in his Preface:

Possessed as he was by the subject of his memoir, Stanislaus Joyce, under the exasperation of this thorn in the flesh, became himself a writer, and the author of this one book which is worthy to occupy a permanent place on the bookshelf beside the works of his brother.

Interesting though *My Brother's Keeper* is, Mr. Eliot's verdict may be less complimentary than he thinks it is. Professor Joyce's reminiscences of Yeats, Æ., and their contemporaries, are fresh and lively. Yeats was most helpful to James, telling him that he had never met anybody, except William

Morris, in whom he felt the joy of life to be so keen.

The portrait of James given here is not attractive. If he enjoyed life, his brother is not able to give many examples of his pleasure. The Joyces, with their remarkable powers of insight, and an almost complete lack of sentiment, were unhappy in their human relationships. Stanislaus had enough family loyalty to look after his brother, and very little he seems to have got in return for all his care. He was, however, a sound critic of James's work, accepting *Ulysses* only with reservation and thinking *Finnegan's Wake* to "be the sorry effect of the adulation lavished on James in Paris; his brother seemed to him so sure of approval for whatever he did that he had lost interest in communication."

The great merit of Professor Joyce's book is its absolute honesty. He has drawn as fair portraits of himself and his brother as was possible. His friends in Trieste thought of him as being like Cato because he was incapable of anything less than honesty and antagonized imperial and fascist authorities alike. Humiliated he often was, but he remained proud.

The new additions to the Home University Library are all of them good, and maintain the high standard of these useful surveys. Miss Mary Crozier's *Broadcasting*, which deals with sound and television, is concerned mainly with broadcasting in this country, but it shows also how, after the early experiments in radio, the great international networks came into being. The latter part of the book discusses the effect broadcasting has upon people and whether or not it makes them more or less awake to ideas. The chapter on commercial television is enlightening, though the pattern of every form of broadcasting changes so often that Miss Crozier's strictures, or at any rate some of them may be out of date already. At present British commercial television seems to be aiming at two sections of the community, the most intelligent and the least. Like some of the less scrupulous newspapers the programmes designed for the lowest brows seem to be intended for morons. A firm assumption is made that anything about the level offered is too "high-brow" and therefore need not detain them.

The demoralizing thing is the implicit suggestion that mere literacy is remarkable, while what one would call a generally educated person is unthinkable. A good example was the recent 64,000 question, in which a young man

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answering geography questions finally lost because he did not know whether Petra was built of marble or sandstone. He claimed (unsuccessfully) that this was a geology question, but if he had ever heard of "a rose-red city half as old as time" he would have known the answer. In the United States the "quiz wizard" who wrestles with questions needing an "encyclopedic knowledge," and is watched spellbound by millions across the continent, is considered a super-brain because he knows that caries is dental decay, a cummerbund is worn around the waist, the French for Shrove Tuesday is *Mardi Gras*, and that Ash Wednesday follows Shrove Tuesday.

As the *Manchester Guardian* said in a leading article: "If commercial television were openly to show cruelty or immorality, there would be immediate protests. But what it does may be even more demoralizing, for it supposes a contempt for the mind itself."

Miss Crozier was right to bring out these points. They are being noticed more and more in enlightened circles in this country and in some European countries where our Press and broadcasting services have been admired for years. At the present time overseas opinion is keenly critical of the quantity, and rather less critical of the

quality of the services the B.B.C. provides for listeners. As Miss Crozier notices:

One should never underestimate the power of broadcasting simply to establish a climate in which it flourishes as the reflection of events. The stage has now been reached when its absence merely as an agency providing a check upon the outside world can cause alarm.

Mr. Ronald Clark's *The Royal Albert Hall* marred though it is by some careless misprints, tells very readably the story of the eighty-seven years which have passed since the building was opened in 1871. It is fascinating to be told that the famous "Echo" asserted itself on that royal occasion when the Bishop of London prayed that human science might be sanctified by the grace of Heaven. To his "Amen" the echo promptly replied.

The history of the Hall has been full of incident. Here Wagner in 1877 made three false starts when rehearsing the *Flying Dutchman* overture, threw down his baton, and told Richter to carry on. Verdi conducted the first performance in England of his *Requiem Mass*. Scout rallies, assaults-at-arms, and all kinds of entertainments, reunions and concerts have been given. There has even been a motor show there, though Mr. Clark does not relate what happened at the end of it. As the stands were being dismantled with a great deal of noise, a famous conductor was rehearsing a symphony orchestra. Its members fully expected the conductor to protest, but he went on until he had gone through the full programme. As he laid down his baton there was a particularly loud crash as the largest stand came down. Then he spoke. "Ah!" said he appreciatively, "Pulling the lousy old place down at last, are they? And quite time too!"

The public would not share his opinion. After all, they have seen a Marathon race there. Carpentier has fought before them. Baptisms have been held there since the 1890's when the place was licensed as a place of worship. Dogs have sniffed out suffragettes there. On one occasion a lady hid herself in the organ with a collapsible megaphone. The first electrical exhibition was held there. And year after year enormous audiences throng the Hall for the Proms. If some of these young enthusiasts read Mr. Clark's book, they will be quite surprised to discover how much history has been made in this vast, extraordinary, and somehow lovable place.

Miss Virginia Cowles is a proved war correspondent and she was an excellent choice as author of the book on Lt.-Col.

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JOHN CALDER

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"Enquire Within"

David Stirling's work with the Special Air Service Regiment he founded. As the work of this adventurous unit was most secret they kept no records and Miss Cowles has been compelled to gather material from eyewitness accounts, some of which had been compiled at Colonel Stirling's request for his own files. *The Phantom Major* tells how he managed to interest General Ritchie in his scheme for introducing small groups of specially trained men behind the enemy lines, a guarantee of his success in more hostile operations. As usual there are the inevitable obstructionists in high places, but David Stirling and his colleagues managed to get on with their efficient raids until at last Stirling was captured.

This is a vivid account of a small force which achieved results entirely disproportionate to its size. Major-General Laycock, who succeeded Earl Mountbatten as head of Combined Operations, described Stirling as "a leader of quite exceptional resource and one of the most under-decorated soldiers of the war." There is no doubt he would have received the V.C. had it not been for the rule that a senior officer must be present to vouch for the accuracy of the citation. The conditions of modern warfare make it appear that the rules for the award should be revised.

In the last months of his life Joyce Cary, the novelist, wrote the Clark Lectures, *Art and Reality*, out of his experience as a writer and as a former art student. He was too ill to deliver the course, which was given for him. They must have been stimulating lectures remarkable more for incidental excellencies than for the main theme which is almost impossible to summarize. There is much good sense and stimulating writing about painters and writers. *Art and Reality* is a brave book, written when the author was in the grip of a mortal illness and refusing to give in to it. It will be a reminder to those who do not know Cary's novels that he was among the most accomplished story-tellers of his day.

The author of *Waiting for Godot* recently wrote a play in French which has since been translated, produced and published in England. It is called *Endgame*, and it is a vision of the end of the world told in the inconsequential dialogue which roused some to enthusiasm, others to profanity as they saw or read Mr. Beckett's earlier play. I find this kind of thing exasperating. There is an illusion of profundity, of deep calling unto deep, but it is much too deep for me.

ERIC GILLETT.

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MADE FOR MAN. A. P. Herbert. *Methuen.*
15s.

FUTURE TO LET. Jerzy Peterkiewicz. *Heinemann.*
15s.

VOYAGE TO CYTHERA. Rosemary Harris. *Bodley Head.* 13s. 6d.

LOVE AND IDLENESS. Leslie Blight. *Michael Joseph.* 18s.

THE TREE SURGEON. Rène Ray. *Herbert Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

A SHRIEK OF TYRES. Douglas Rutherford. *Crime Club.* 10s. 6d.

M. R. ALFRED DUGGAN has the knack of seeming at home, and making his reader at home, in any period he explores, and this is no mere technical trick of a good story-teller who has found a way of making his characters act and speak convincingly. Only a deep, imaginative penetration can transplant the reader into another age with other modes of thought. *Three's Company* tells the story of the last years of the Roman Republic from the point of view of Lepidus, that constant third party. Mr. Duggan presents Lepidus ironically; a self-conscious Roman patrician, stuffy and custom-bound, continually misjudging the formidable men he has to deal with. While he is manipulated by his more intelligent wife Junia, a racy and delightful Roman matron, who having been a girlhood friend of Julius Caesar knows the score, Lepidus is kept on balance, for his impeccable respectability has its uses as a façade for men climbing to power, first Caesar, then Antony, then the "dim nephew" who was to become Augustus. But as Lepidus himself discovers the delights of power, the Roman virtues, about which he has always prated, begin to dissolve and when the end comes even the Roman fortitude fails him. "The world we live in doesn't suit us," says his orderly, an old Legionary. "I stuck to you because I thought you were trying to change it. Now I see that it has been changing you." *Three's Company* is told rapidly, with a brilliant grasp of character and the realities of politics, and it is often

extremely funny. Anyone with the slightest interest in the Roman world will find the book utterly absorbing.

Roman Cavalier also deals with Rome, some seventeen centuries later, the Rome Bernini was building, the Rome in which other factions are still struggling for power just as ruthlessly, though the Pontifex Maximus is now the Vicar of Christ. Mr. D. L. Murray has obviously a deep knowledge of his period, but a conventional plot weighed down by mannered prose makes the picture seem remote and unreal. The story is presented as the memoirs of a Welsh Catholic gentleman forced out of his patrimony by the English civil war and resident in Rome under the protection of his uncle, a worldly ecclesiastic of a familiar type. Romantic encounters in churches, sudden affrays, abductions, murders and a great deal of talk about alchemy and the Rosy Cross make up a plot which, in the light of the known annals of the times, cannot perhaps be called unduly melodramatic, but the heavy weight of period trappings takes one back to the theatrical productions of the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. The taste of the moment is for less scenery and more imagination.

A Ring Has No End is not perhaps strictly an historical novel, although to explain how the Russian Revolution came about Mr. Armstrong has to make a quick survey of the lurid past of the Kaivanov family, before settling down to the fate of Anastasia Kaivanov, her half-sister Mimi, her brothers and her lovers during the revolutionary wars. Mr. Armstrong is a very solid chronicler; one cannot doubt that these orgies of extravagance and lust occurred, but the quality of "Russianness"—what Conrad called their "joyful careless cruelty" and their equally excessive bursts of humanity—is missing from this book, which for all its violent subject-matter seemed to me extraordinarily dull. Still Mr. Armstrong is not out to explore the Slav soul, and he does provide a good meaty saga for those serial addicts who want to know how Anastasia Kaivanov got into the Crowther family.

A. P. Herbert's *Made For Men* is a whacking broadside against one of A. P. H.'s pet hates, the illogical attitude of the Church of England to divorce and particularly to the remarriage of the innocent parties in church. In this book there are two distressed damsels seeking benefit of clergy; one is Primrose, daughter of that uproarious character, Admiral the Earl of Carraway and Stoke; the other is the very exalted Duchess of Clowes, who has fallen in

Novels

love with a naval commander who has divorced his first wife for adultery. The Archbishop of Canterbury having proved adamant to bombardment, by Admiral the Earl, or to blandishment by Dame Marion Marne, a much esteemed lady of the stage who had been the naval commander's erring wife, it is necessary to resort to subterfuge and this is what Dame Marion does. The result of this imbroglio is not only happiness for two, or should we say four, but a brand new Matrimonial Causes Act argued with all the writer's forensic brilliance. Even those who are not left convinced will be left laughing.

I should like to beseech people to read *Future To Let*, a charming sad-funny book about a minority in our midst. It would be impertinent to congratulate Dr. Peterkiewicz on his English which is used with a freshness and felicity that not many native writers attain. Lancelot Thawroe inherits a dingy house in Earl's Court, a locality favoured by Polish exiles. Before Lancelot knows where he is, he finds himself deeply involved in Polish politics. The cause of his involvement is Celina Ogarek, one of the most delightful heroines any novel could have. Mr. Peterkiewicz can poke fun at both sides; you can laugh at and with Lancelot, Major Notarski with his mad schemes for making money, Dr. Paszcz and the rest of them, but under all the fun is the unescapable tragedy, the more poignant because it is so lightly stressed. It is typical of the book that the happy outcome which the least sentimental of readers must desire for Lancelot and Celina is reserved for the opportunist, Julian Altrament, a disreputable employee of the People's Republic who "chooses Freedom," the choice being thrust upon him, with the unwanted co-operation of a large Bernard dog. In Poland the dog is not canonized. The laugh takes the sting out of Julian's shoddiness and our gullibility; anyway the poor guy has a cheap blonde who decamps with his money, so life, as usual, evens things up. The breath of life blows through this most enjoyable book.

I don't quite know why the breath of life fails to animate Rosemary Harris's second novel, *Voyage to Cythera*, which is about the young wife of a successful architect who feels herself a failure, largely because her parents have made a mess of their marriage, and her affair with a rather uncouth young painter while her husband is under the spell of a beautiful and gifted woman musician. The settings convince, it is all as contemporary

Thomas Telford

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as Italian furniture, the dialogue is very smart and sometimes perceptive. Yet the book fails to make any impact; I felt that these people, like the Mock Turtle, had no sorrow really. And they all had far too much time to turn themselves inside out.

Love and Idleness is presented as a novel, but it is one of those semi-documentaries told in a deliberately demotic idiom about young men doing their National Service in the Air Force. "Their barrack room conversation," says the publishers' blurb on the jacket, "is variations on the theme of women, beer and boredom and the dialogue is microphonic in its authenticity." The principal character is a young man who is afraid of being "caught" by the soft pretty girl who lets him make love to her; he therefore is collected by another girl who is fiercer and tougher. There is a suggestion in the writing, if only by the focus of interest, that he is in some way superior to his fellows, but as he does not appear to be, in either intelligence or sensibility, the suggestion is hardly maintained. There is also a humorous character who is played up for more than he is worth; a Salvationist sergeant who dispenses hospitality to all the young men, most of whom repay him by sleeping with his wife. If the author is out to convey the tedium of National Service in peace time he has succeeded entirely, at the usual cost.

Miss Rène Ray has at least two of the essential characteristics of a best seller, an all-out absorption in her theme and a capacity to write blazing dramatic scenes. In *The Tree Surgeon* she has taken the classic story of the lonely woman and the beguiling stranger and has given it some extra turns of the screw by setting it in one of the smaller Cornish islands where communication with the mainland (where the policemen are) is at all times uncertain and often impossible. The book is obviously not bedside reading for nervous women living alone, but the thousands who once thrilled to the young Emlyn Williams in *Night Must Fall* can recover that fascinated shudder with *The Tree Surgeon*.

I should never have believed that anybody could make me read a book about motor racing but Douglas Rutherford's *Shriek of Tyres* did the trick, though I must confess I had to skip some of the technical details that the fans will probably gobble up. Apart from this supremely confident know-how, the story is perhaps a thin one, but it is told with great skill and the characters are unusually pleasant.

RUBY MILLAR.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

My Fair Lady [out of *Bernard Shaw by Alan Jay Lerner*] (Drury Lane)

SPRING has brought a splendid burgeoning to London's theatres with the much heralded *My Fair Lady* justifying all the fuss and taking an easy first prize.

Since reports of the excellencies of this musical version of *Pygmalion* will by now have penetrated even to the cells of anchorites, and since, I am informed, October is the earliest date for which the Drury Lane box office is prepared to negotiate, a long review seems redundant. But in case cynically-inclined readers may be wondering whether it is "really as good as all that," I have to state that this is the best all-round entertainment to be found in London. Made with the finest ingredients: Shaw's wit, Frederick Loewe's music, Cecil Beaton's costumes, Julie Andrews's singing, Rex Harrison's charm, and Stanley Holloway's vitality, it is hard to fault. The strongest quibble might be that all the best scenes seem to come in the first half, and that two splendid songs are given less than their due by being performed in front of a dimmish drop curtain. But don't let that stop you from snatching any chance of seeing it. It will be a memorable evening, whatever your usual tastes.

Duel Of Angels. By Jean Giraudoux (Apollo)

The rest of the new plays must, however, be selected more carefully to suit your palate. The work of the French playwright, Giraudoux, for example, will only appeal to the more inquiring and sophisticated diner, even when Christopher Fry is acting *maitre d'hôtel* and it is served quite exquisitely by Vivien Leigh and Claire Bloom. This is the sort of elaborately rich meal which can temporarily hypnotize us into believing we are getting a dinner fit for a king; and only when the last of the port has gone and we are on our way home is indigestion liable to set in.

To be more explicit, this is a play about Vice (Vivien Leigh) and Virtue (Claire Bloom), in a battle to the death, Vice winning every encounter but the last (some may feel there is a doubt about that too). Of course, Vice does it by trickery; is drugged and taken to a brothel where she believes she has been seduced, while unconscious, by the most notorious lecher in Aix-en-Provence. With Vice as an amused spectator, Virtue then

THEATRE

takes up an astonishing series of attitudes, the chief of which is that her alleged seducer is now her second husband, and must therefore kill himself to make her a widow, so that all will be as it was before. It would be unfair to tell you if he does so. The men in the play come very second fiddles, with the exception of Virtue's true husband, Mr. Justice Blanchard, who, in the person of Robin Bailey, manages to wrest our attention from both ladies for one telling scene.

Variation On A Theme. By Terence Rattigan (Globe)

Contrariwise, the only reason for attending Mr. Terence Rattigan's latest work would be a sort of intellectual slumming—to marvel that such a talented and perceptive playwright could have come such an appalling cropper. We are told that he wrote this as a Christmas present for Margaret Leighton, his leading lady, and this is its only possible excuse; he was intent on giving an actress he admired a part in which to shine. It is a highly modernized version of that actress's dream, *La Dame Aux Camelias*. Here, Marguerite Gautier has become rich much-married Rose Fish, and dictates her renunciation of Ron, the ballet boy from Birmingham, to a tape recorder. But she makes her final exit, staggering up the steps of her awful villa to have a wild, wild time playing "the red tonight." Specially significant this, when we know that she will be coughing blood before morning. There was a brief half-hour in Act I when I thought it might all come off, but the moment sentiment started seeping in all was boredom and embarrassment.

The Cherry Orchard. By The Moscow Arts Theatre Company (Sadlers' Wells)

Theatre-goers are uniquely favoured by the first visit to this country of Moscow's famous sixty-year-old, pre-Revolution, Theatre Company, whose reputation as the first and most dedicated interpreters of Stanislavsky's "method" has been titillating us for so long.

Now, at last, we are able to see the reality, and it is dazzling. The apparently daunting fact that few of us in the audience understood a word of Russian proved quite irrelevant to the evening's pleasure. Provided either with a copy of the play, or arriving in time to study the well-annotated programme, we seemed to be under no disadvantage at all. In fact, this lack of exact comprehension may have helped us to appreciate even more keenly the absolute immolation of each actor

in his part. These were not, in fact, actors, as we are used to seeing them; they were a family of people who had always existed in this way.

We are told that it can take up to a year of rehearsals to bring this miracle of co-ordination about and that the company often rehearses without using any words at all. And it is their miracles of timing and gesture which chiefly enthrall us. We know, as Varya takes out her handkerchief and weeps into it, that her Uncle Gaieff will wait until she has folded it up again before he offers her his useless consolations. We hold our breath as old Firce stumbles agonizingly about with his teacups and loathes his thoughtless masters who receive them so carelessly. And all the time the rich-sounding language is making a very significant music. We catch every shade of emotion in the words, though we understand none of them.

But the general interpretation of the play is a surprise to us and may be less attractive. There is little of the dying fall about this *Cherry Orchard* as it comes down, symbolically

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART, C.B., D.S.O.

ARNHEM

General Urquhart has told the story of the fateful nine days of the Battle of Arnhem clearly, frankly, and, despite the terrible circumstances, not without humour. It is, in parts, inevitably controversial, but above all it is authoritative, for it is told by the man who knows more about those desperate days than anyone else. It must surely rank as an important work describing an operation which opened with such high hopes and left its name forever as a feat of the highest endurance and valour. "They performed a feat of arms" said Churchill, "which will be remembered and recounted as long as the virtues of courage and resolution have power to move the hearts of men."

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

clearing the way for the marvellous future foretold by Trofimoff (and we have never seen such a virile student as this one is). It is a normal family we are watching, although they have got themselves into a mess. It would, of course, be stupid to suggest that this is not as Chekov meant it; his own countrymen should surely be able to interpret him better than we can. But I liked it better our way—gentle, melancholy, regretful—and most particularly I prefer to think of Madame Ranevskaya, as Edith Evans played her, as a charming, feckless, emotional woman, not the rather sentimental matron that we see here.

KAY WEBB.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Conductors and Soloists

IT is hard to say anything at all interesting about the concerts of the well-known Beethoven, Brahms and Sibelius symphonies which fill in the gaping interstices of the Festival Hall's monthly structure of musical culture. I suppose there are two chief reasons for going—and they are almost all well attended. One is to see how the conductor handles a particular passage or how his conducting compares visually with somebody else's; the other is because hearing the familiar noises for the umpteenth time still produces the old adolescent thrill, just as the parachute jumper with 500 jumps behind him is as scared before the next jump as any tiro.

The first category of listener is surprisingly at the mercy of his visual senses. As far as the music is concerned, apart from well-known cruces where the tempo of a particular passage is still a matter of individual interpretation, there is little to be gleaned, except to note perhaps that Klempener carries rigidity of beat beyond the limits of classical discipline, while Kubelik's rubatos over-emphasize an effect which the music can and should produce without such external assistance. It is the chance of *watching* the conductor, and to a lesser extent members of the orchestra (and of course the soloists) which is the perennial attraction in going to concerts of familiar music rather than listening to them on the wireless. Steinberg, for instance, makes an interesting contrast with Boult. Both are perhaps over-accustomed to conducting superbly trained bodies of musicians; they hardly bother to indicate the more obvious cues or variations in dynamics; they only

exert themselves when a recondite effect for which they seek does not come adequately. Thus in fortissimo passages they sometimes hardly conduct at all; but in some obscure bridge passages in what Jim Dixon calls some Brahms rubbish you can see the muscles surge and contract under their tremendous pates. This is all very well for those who prefer listening with their eyes shut. But if one of the chief reasons for coming is to watch the conductor, is this providing enough for the audience's money?

At the other end of the scale you get Barbirolli, who seems to *suffer* the music as if he had created it—which in a sense he has. Somehow every dramatic or lyrical effect seems as if he had not only just heard it for the first time but only just thought of it. That is how he manages not only to interpret music auditorially to us *via* the orchestra, but visually by means of a ballet performed on a stage the size of the conductor's rostrum, with his back turned permanently away from the audience, his face out of sight and only his bird-like tail coat and mane of hair to help with communication. It is of course possible, though very difficult, to impart this concentration and sense of wonder at hearing the music for the first time with very little gesture. Klempener achieves the concentration if not the sense of wonderment. That is why the audiences applaud so much. They have, under his spell, been concentrating so hard that applause comes (as it was originally intended to do) as a release of pent-up feelings, not as homage to yet another personality. Amongst soloists only Schnabel, sitting upright like the original stuffed shirt, making of immobility itself a supremely expressive gesture, carried the same power.

Rosalyn Tureck resembles Schnabel in her self-command and power of creating an aura almost religious in its concentration. But unlike him she cannot transcend herself and after all her study and devoted labour let the music play itself. Her Bach concert at the Festival Hall last month was magnificent—but it was not really music, as it was all played with the same intensity, and the gay tones of the *Capriccio on a Departing Brother* lost their character. However, the playing of the first of the "48" was a revelation; her minute hesitation at the end of the Prelude in bar 28, as the music returns to the dominant, splendidly illuminated the latter bars. Of the Fugue Miss Tureck says: "The unknowing would hardly suspect its complexity and high art." This, though true, should not be said if indeed greater insight brings greater humility.

RECORDS

Many people have spent years on this Fugue, though none may approach Miss Tureck's level. But we have glimpsed the high art and stand abashed and silent before it.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

KEMPE and the Philharmonia Orchestra give us the most satisfying performance of Haydn's last symphony, the "London" (D Major) so far issued. It is both vivacious and mellow and the string tone is lovely throughout. The conductor gives full value to the mysterious contemplative passages on the woodwind in the slow movement that are so often passed over almost casually. On the reverse there is an equally enjoyable performance of Mozart's C Major Symphony (K.338) "without minuet." Most conductors insert the Minuet (K.409), which Einstein considered Mozart wrote, later on, to be played in the work: but Kempe omits it. The recording is excellent (H.M.V. ALP1471).

Tschaikovsky's so-called "Little Russian" symphony (C Minor) is entirely free of "undigested woe, over-subjective probing or hysteria"; it sets out to be entertaining, not to deliver any personal message, and perfectly attains its end. There is not even a true slow movement, but instead a version of a March from one of his operas, *Undine*, and the finale is a set of ingenious and diverting variations on *The Crane*, a Little Russian dance-song. Carlo Maria Giulini and the Philharmonia give a very lively and colourful performance of this delightful work with the conductor interpreting the "marziale" marking of the second movement literally rather than—as Beecham did in his recording (Philips ABL3015)—in the manner of a march. Perhaps both interpretations are admissible; but in this movement I prefer Beecham. There is also a very exciting performance of Moussorgsky's *Night on the Bare Mountain* on the disc (Columbia 33CX1523).

Indifferent recording prejudices Sviatoslav Richter's wonderful playing of Tschaikovsky's B Flat Minor Piano Concerto and the admirable accompanying by Karl Ancerl and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra but I, personally, can accept the limitation for the sake of so outstanding a performance (Supraphon LPV242). One can also accept "bleeding

chunks" of Wagner when so very well played (and recorded) by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. On this disc are *Ride of the Valkyries*, *Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Music*, *Forest Murmurs*, *Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey*, *Siegfried's Funeral Music* and *Closing Scene*. The plain man's trailer to *The Ring* in fact (Fontana CFL1012). Ansermet and the Suise Romande have newly recorded *La Mer*, *Prélude à l'après midi d'un faune* and Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole*. The flautist is rightly given a credit for his beautiful playing of his part in the *Prélude* and as a whole all these are most lovely and poetic performances. *La Mer*, one of the greatest orchestral works of our time, is superbly done (Decca LXT5424). The same conductor and orchestra play the children's ballet, *La Boîte à Joujoux* and the early symphonic suite *La Printemps* on Decca LXT5351. Debussy wrote *La Boîte à Joujoux* for his beloved daughter whom he always called Chouchou, but in the last years of his life he failed to complete the orchestration: this was done by André Caplet. He had difficulty with the end. "The soul of a doll," he said, "does not readily tolerate the kind of clap-trap so many human souls put up with." This is slight but, to me, fascinating music, the appreciation of which is helped by André Hallé's synopsis and, in the piano score, enchanting illustrations of the story of the doll who, after various adventures, married the soldier who so truly loved her. An interesting disc brings us Hindemith's unusually warm-hearted clarinet concerto, with the solo part finely played by Louis Cahuzac, and the ballet suite on the life of St. Francis, *Nobilissima Visione*, which does not, in my opinion, quite fulfil the implications of its title. The composer himself conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in excellent and well-recorded performances of these two works (Columbia 33CX1533).

Falla's Concerto for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and 'cello, Rieti's Partita for flute, oboe, string quartet and harpsichord obligato, Surinach's *Tientos* for the odd combination of harpsichord, English horn, timpani, make up a fascinating disc of contemporary music played admirably by Sylvia Marlowe (harpsichord) and the Concert Arts Players (Capitol P.8309). Here is music rarely heard in the concert hall. The Partita is a particularly charming work. Holst's delightful *St. Paul's Suite* for strings is very well played by Herbert Menges and the appropriate section of the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. 7EP7054).

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Chamber Music

Under the direction of Thurston Dart the Philomusica Orchestra of London play Bach's Third and Fifth Brandenburg Concertos and the Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins on L'Oiseau Lyre OL50160, and on OL50159 the Third and Fourth Orchestral Suites and the Sixth Brandenburg Concerto. The forces available are scaled down to chamber music (not chamber orchestra) size for the Brandenburgs, and to some extent for the suites, with a resultant clarity of texture that is to be welcomed. Slow movements, or introductory slow sections, are apt to be taken at a brisker speed than some of us will feel to be acceptable, but these are certainly musically performances that should be heard. Grumiaux and Haskill continue their admirable series of Beethoven's Violin and Piano Sonatas on Philips ABL3204, by giving us the D Major, Op. 12, No. 1, the A Minor, Op. 23, and the F Major, Op. 24. I could have wished for a more "careless rapture" in the first movement of the "Spring" Sonata (F Major), but in general this is a most satisfying issue. Almost equally good are the performances of Gioconda da Vito and Tito Arepa in the C Minor and A Major Sonatas (Op. 30, No. 2 and Op. 100) (H.M.V. ALP1521).

It will be a tragedy if the public will not buy, as is reported, recordings of Haydn's String Quartets. Here is some of the most companionable and lovely music in existence. I cannot recommend too highly the Amadeus Quartet's admirable playing of the G major Quartet, Op. 54, No. 1, and the B flat Quartet, Op. 64, No. 3, both of which are full of glorious music (H.M.V. ALP1579). I must hold over instrumental, choral, and operatic music till next month.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

Motoring

By DUDLEY NOBLE

THE purposeful march of the motor industry into territories which once were out of bounds to the British car continues apace. Since last I wrote in this column three months ago fresh records in exports have been set up, with 37,000 out of a three months' total of 132,000 going to the U.S. And apparently, even in spite of the recession across the Atlantic, there is little evidence that our cars will lose ground there in the foreseeable future.

One must hand it to the tycoons of the British motor industry that they come out with some bright ideas to keep the sales torch burning. Take young Mr. Alick Dick, Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company as an example. During the month of May there were a couple of heavy plane-loads of American motorists landed at Heathrow, and on the tarmac to meet them were lined up dozens of Triumph TR3 sports models. Their new owners hustled out of the aircraft to take delivery of them, later departing on a tour of the country and in due course taking their acquisitions back home with them.

All this and heaven too, so to speak, for their round trip, with the car thrown in, cost them an inclusive sum which was really amazingly low considering what they got for their money. The enterprise behind it was a co-operative effort on the part of the Standard-Triumph Company over here and the Triumph Owners' Association—which is a pretty live body—in the States, and between the two of them they put on a show that will yield millions of dollars' worth of publicity during the months to come.

We have nevertheless got to face up to the possibility that the U.S. is not going to remain a happy hunting ground for our products in the car line for ever and ever. Reports and rumours keep coming in that the Americans are themselves going to cash in on the small car market, and there is surely no reason why they should not be able to do so. I noticed that the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders (who was, at the time, the aforesaid Mr. Alick Dick) said at the A.G.M. in April: "Without in any way depreciating the value of the U.S. market to the British motor industry, our eyes must nevertheless turn to Europe and the great potential there. The prospect of a European Free Trade Area, with all the opportunities it offers and the problems it poses, occupies our major attention."

Only a little while before Mr. Dick said that I had heard something of a similar nature from Dr. Llewellyn Smith, Managing Director of the Car Division of Rolls-Royce. He, too, has organized a big sales drive in the U.S., which has resulted in considerably increased numbers of Rolls and Bentleys going over there. After a visit to Texas, where he experienced the oven-like climatic conditions under which motorists use their cars at certain seasons of the year, he saw to it that refrigeration plants should be developed that would bring down the interior temperature

Motoring

with a run when a car had been left standing in the sun.

In Europe, however, the British car has lost ground since those early post-war years when a starved Continent was avid to buy anything on wheels. Partly it was our own fault that we sold it cars which were of pre-war design and not too well made at that; we also had our manufacturing difficulties at the time. But we still have not woken up completely to what the European motorist is demanding, and is being given by factories in France, Germany and Italy. We are, as I have said before, very much foreigners to the average Continental. We do not understand his mentality.

A saving grace is that an increasing number of our compatriots who go abroad are taking their cars with them. More than 100,000 motorists from this country went to the Continent for a holiday last year and probably a further 50 per cent. will go this year. They will appreciate that Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Switzerland are countries where mountains are interspersed with the sort of going that is common to the United Kingdom, and that far from regarding these mountains as abnormal the car owner who lives in those countries has got to contend with them as a regular vicissitude.

Here in Britain we are favoured with an equable climate and a topography which has a ceiling of perhaps 1,000 feet as normal. Our hills are short; they may in some cases be sharp, but never does one have to go on climbing for miles and miles on end, with hairpin bends at frequent intervals. I have driven all over England, Scotland and Wales in search of severe hills and mountain passes, and the worst I have ever found are Bwlch-y-Groes in North Wales and Tornapress in Scotland. Neither of these can compare with passes like the Galibier, the Lautaret, the Grand St. Bernard and the Grossglockner, which go on and on and on, mile after mile. Never, perhaps, is there a gradient comparable with that of the Bwlch, but the fact remains that on the Continental passes one can proceed at a fairly high speed provided the engine will keep cool and the car be capable of taking the bends with comfort and absence of roll. On the subsequent descent, the brakes must be free from fade.

Now these, as I say, are normal conditions for the Continental motorist, and those who make cars in the three countries which are major producers know full well that their customers will want to cope with this sort of thing day in, day out. We who go with our

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cars to the mountain resorts do so in the summer when every condition is at its best, and even so we regard the long, twisty climbs as a freaky hazard which we can surmount and boast to our friends about afterwards. The result of the last Monte Carlo Rally, which was run under condition of ice and snow, indicated that the French driver who won it had the edge on the British competitors because he lived among mountains and had to contend with this very thing in a routine way every winter.

Whilst, therefore, we need to pay greater attention to the mentality of the European motorist if we are to sell him more British cars, there is nothing in the production sense that could stop us from becoming an important supplier to countries which will fall in the Common Market Area; also Switzerland. We have production facilities that are, in many cases, second to none. I would instance in this respect the newly-enlarged works of the Ford Motor Company at Dagenham, where some of the sections recently completed are among the most modern and efficient in Europe or, indeed, the world. Vauxhalls, too, are in this category.

A week or two ago I went over the foundry of the Ford Company, one of the very few which are operated by a motor manufacturing concern (most prefer to buy their castings from suppliers). Fords, however, have long been notable in this specialized field, and I believe have also furnished various other firms with certain of their requirements. Today, the new Ford foundry is an outstanding example of how castings can be produced rapidly, efficiently and without discomfort to the worker. Most of us visualize heat, dirt and noise as being the main features of a foundry, and it is therefore a complete surprise to see how manual effort and the physical inconvenience hitherto attendant upon the making of moulds and the pouring into them of molten metal has been almost completely abolished by mechanical handling and automation.

At both the Vauxhall and the British Motor Corporation plants there has been similar extension and the introduction of equipment so intelligent in dealing with intricate production processes that it might almost be termed superhuman. One wonders whether motor car manufacturing may not soon become a procedure operated by a few men watching dials and pressing buttons in a cloistered hall similar to that of a power station.

DUDLEY NOBLE.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

FOR many months past we have been living with the uncertainties of the American recession as the background to our economics. The Administration has refused to be pushed into the major "pump-priming" action of a tax cut, but the measures it has taken have not yet succeeded in producing evidence of a definite change in the downward trend of business. In spite of this, however, stock prices have kept on a firm level, and investors in this country are inclined to believe that Wall Street will probably be proved right. If based on immediate prospects of company earnings prices are high, so it is obviously the familiar story of the market anticipating recovery well in advance. If the recession suddenly deepened the market could be severely hit; but then the formidable antidote of a substantial tax concession would be applied and that might engender another bout of inflation. The whole North American economy—Canada would inevitably be affected—would then be in danger of repeating the process of the last few years, with the possibility of a more serious slump following the period of inflation.

Our own markets, though uncertain and still comparatively quiet, are definitely off the "bottom" reached in February, when the *Financial Times* Industrial Index went below 155. In April it went above 170 and as we go to press it is fluctuating between that and 165. The bus strike and the threat of a railway stoppage had remarkably little adverse effect, though there is no doubt that confidence would have cracked if the nation's transport had been paralysed.

The terms of the railway settlement pose the important question whether we must now face the prospect of a 3 per cent. general wage inflation or not. At a time when the Government could claim considerable success in the fight against inflation the unions look like aligning themselves with the enemy. To many people these events have brought disturbing thoughts of the possible outcome of the next election. The investor is between the devil of wage costs outstripping production at home and the deep sea of uncertainty over the North American economy; both will be resolved in time. If he has idle capital he should be buying selected blue chips with some of it now, as before the summer is over he may well see buyers forcing the market against him.

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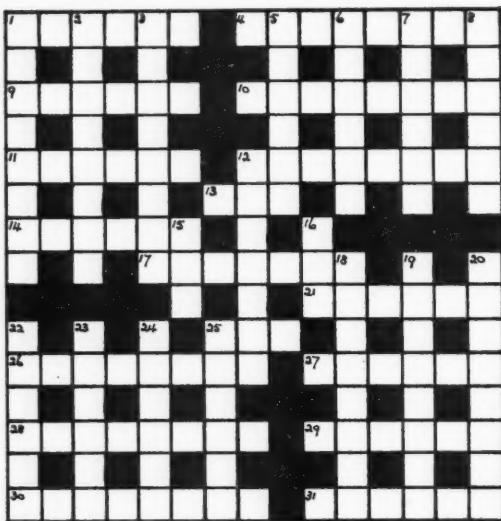
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CLUES

ACROSS

1. It goes badly for the conceited person (6)
4. A few bars for a songster (4, 4)
9. This is the result when one joins one (6)
10. He acts for others,—but not on the stage (8)
11. Confine for half the winter in a hotel (6)
12. Principal earnings (8)
13. Anger that is about right (3)
14. Reverence for silver in the home (6)
17. "Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the . . . stars." Keats (*Hyperion*) (7)
21. No rise,—superior's order (6)
25. This has helped many a writer to make his mark (3)
26. Home on the heath for a little bird (8)
27. It's very hard for fish in an enclosure (6)
28. Means to tell how old people are (8)
29. They interest geologists making a start (6)
30. Oriental conceit in New York? (4, 4)
31. Judge of fur?—Quite the reverse! (6)

DOWN

1. With it one sees agreement in a rowing crew (8)
2. This implies extraordinary work (8)
3. Low class subject of interest to cattlemen (8)
5. Annie's deranged,—quite mad (6)
6. Club responsible for progress (6)
7. Ghost lacking aspiration in an old adventure (6)
8. A traitor in time makes mistakes (6)
12. One might describe this as evening work (7)
15. Don't starve in the attempt! (3)
16. A ship may be used for transport (3)
18. He has a will of his own (8)
19. Learned in Latin (8)
20. Uncommonly merry age,—for a horse (4, 4)
22. A public house had food, as is natural (6)
23. Rate a female beast of burden? (6)
24. Sets tables wrongly and acts in a sheepish way (6)
25. Propose when at home with nurse (6)

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Kindly mention the *National Review* when communicating with hotels.

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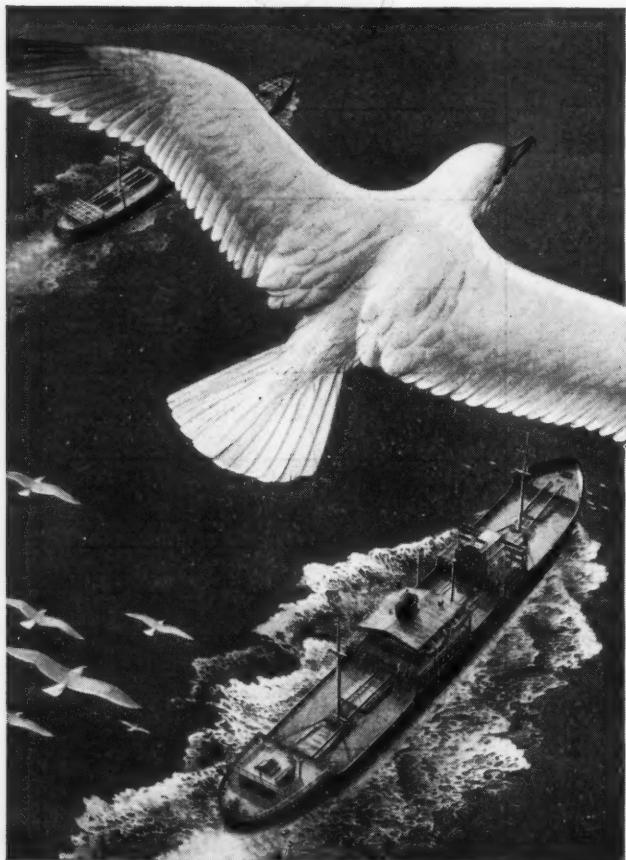
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